

THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1881.

Love the Debt.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISS TUBBS' PETS.



F the five trustees of St. George's, Mr. James Mills had the most interest and the least voice in the appointment of its first vicar. He alone of the five lived within the new parish and would attend the church; but this expresses only a small part of his stake in the appointment. Not only his Sunday but his weekday comfort depended upon the choice of his co-trustees—of his co-trustees we say ad-

visedly, for Mr. Mills did not venture even to pretend to have a will of his own in the matter. And it was this very lack of a will of his own that was at the root of the discomfort in store for him in the event of the first vicar being other than he should be. For Mr. James Mills was henpecked—not by his wife, for he was a widower, but by his sister-

in-law, Miss Tubbs. It was now over ten years since Miss Tubbs came on a visit of three weeks to her sister, Mrs. Mills; "and when goes hence?" Well, life is uncertain; Mr. Mills may survive her.

Miss Tubbs, even before her sister's death, bore such "solely sovereign sway and masterdom" in Mr. Mills' house as that her two pugs and her black and-tan terrier were much better attended to than her little nephews and nieces. So also were their successors, a monkey and a macaw—a perfect devil of a bird which, in its gentler moods, imitated a steam-whistle so admirably as sometimes to mislead the Midland signalman a quarter of a mile off. A month after her sister's death, however, these two pets were packed off, like their predecessors, at a moment's notice, and her nephews and nieces reigned in their stead. She petted them in the same maudlin and immoderate way in which she had petted their predecessors, so that they soon came to fill the vacant places respectably, becoming nearly as mischievous as the monkey and nearly as noisy as the macaw. Still Miss Tubbs seemed sometimes to miss her pet pugs also, for she had now much at her table the Rev. Samuel Sherlock, vicar of St. Silas', and the Rev. Hickson Gant, senior curate of the parish church. These two gentlemen were recommended to her by something more than their intrinsic merits—by spiritual kinship, in fact, as being children of the same mother, the Catholic Church. For Miss Tubbs, on her return from one of her annual visits to London, brought home a gorgeous and complete set of vestments, &c., with her. She had been to an auction with the intention of buying old china, and had bid for as a bargain, and had knocked down to her, some altar-cloths—the work of the deceased spinster whose goods were being sold, put up by the order of her sacrilegious nephew and heir. When Miss Tubbs bid for them she was under the impression that they were designed for secular use, but when she paid for them their sacred purpose was explained to her by the auctioneer. She was naturally a good deal disgusted at first; but, to make the best of a bad bargain, she bought from a sisterhood the complementary vestments and came back to Wefton an advanced ritualist. The next thing to be done was to build a church for her vestments, and it is not at all improbable that she would have bullied the meek Mr. Mills into this extravagance if it had not happened that Messrs. Gledhill and Matchlock about this time set the project on foot of building and endowing St. George's. Miss Tubbs took it up with extraordinary enthusiasm, got up a bazaar which brought in nearly two thousand pounds, forced Mr. Mills to become a liberal subscriber, and so at last he got thrust upon him the greatness of the trusteeship. Much credit was due to her, but she claimed all. She spoke always of the new church as *hers*, as if she was the undisputed founder and patron; for she had not the least doubt that the trustees would accept the nominee of *her* nominee, Mr. Mills—that is, of course, her choice as communicated to them through her brother-in-law.

Having, then, provided vestments and a church, the next thing was the choice of a priest. It fell on Mr. Hickson Gant. She could not

have done better, for Mr. Gant's ritualism was as soundly based as her own. He loved it for the importance it gave him; for Mr. Gant's importance, like everything else he called his, was borrowed. He was the merest echo and shadow of a man. The political opinion he heard from one friend he would retail as his own to the next he met, and would sometimes even produce to you to-day, as his own manufacture, the brilliant paradox you had yourself suggested to him yesterday. Sitting opposite to him at Miss Tubbs' table we have even heard him entertain his fair friend on his left with the remarks he had just overheard from the gentleman who sat next but one to him on his right. Like every one who lives on borrowed means, too, he was wild and reckless in the expenditure of his loans. He would rattle off volubly sometimes the most idiotic and sometimes the most tremendous opinions without having the faintest idea of their character, and that with such boldness as to impose upon other people besides young ladies; for he differed from a natural echo in this, that he was always much louder than the original voice, resembling, in fact, rather the reproduction of the voice in the whispering gallery of St. Paul's. This was not the least of his recommendations to Miss Tubbs, who was given to impatience of any other voice than her own or its echo. His fondness for children was another of his recommendations to her. Mr. Gant detested children, but among his affectations—he was a mere bundle of affectations—he professed an infatuated fondness for children, and Miss Tubbs took him at his word. Her nephews and nieces, as we have said, took the place of her dogs in the house. She so petted them herself and insisted on others so petting them that they became the most maddening little ruffians imaginable. Never, not even in an examination hall, did Mr. Gant undergo more misery than in the nursery of "The Elms," till at last he could stand it no longer. One day, after lunch, when the vestments, &c., had been examined and admired for the hundredth time, and Mr. Gant was trying to think of some excuse to escape which was not transparent and had not been used before, Miss Tubbs said archly, "Now for your romp, Vicar"—in private she always called him "Vicar" by prolepsis—"your mind has been in the nursery for the last ten minutes"—it had indeed; "come along, I like to see you in their midst."

That was the worst of it; so she did. If she had only cast him into the arena, left him there, and departed, he might have made a little defence or a speedy escape; but she sat like Nero, with thumbs turned down, while he was tortured and torn to pieces.

"I couldn't think of going without seeing the little ones," gasped Mr. Gant, with a sickly smile.

The little ones were four in number: Mark, aged twelve; Margaret Marie, better known as "Maggot," aged nine; Wagstaff Tubbs, or "Tubby," aged six; and Dicky, or "Weenums," aged five.

"That's Maggot!" cried Miss Tubbs, quickening her steps as hideous howls of rage tormented the air. "Poor child, she's in some trouble!"

It seems that while Emily, the wretched nursemaid, was seated quite

worn out in an arm-chair, Mark, a lad of most precocious and diabolical ingenuity, who will one day invent a gallows, if he's spared, took off her cap, let down her hair, and, under pretence of plaiting it caressingly, tied it firmly to the chair-back. He then sent Maggot to fling the cap into the fire suddenly in front of Emily, who, starting up instinctively, was nearly scalped. It was a capital joke until Emily, having at last unknotted her hair, boxed Maggot's ears. Hence the howls.

"Hush! Maggot! What's the matter?" asked Miss Tubbs on entering.

"She's b—b—boxed my ears!" sobbed Maggot, pointing to Emily, with such fire in her eyes as might have scorched up the few tears of fury she had shed.

"Please, ma'am——"

"Oh, Auntie," interrupted Mark, "such a lark! I tied Meely's hair to the chair-back and Maggot shied her cap into the fire, and Meely jumps up like jack-in-the-box and nearly chucks her head off. Didn't you, Meely? Nasty, ill-tempered thing! You'd like to box my ears, wouldn't you? Bah!" with a horrible grimace, his tongue out, and his thumb to his nose.

Miss Tubbs interchanged glances of admiration of Mark's cleverness with Mr. Gant, whose perverted sympathies were, however, really and profoundly with his wretched fellow-martyr, Meely.

"Emily, you had better find another place," said Miss Tubbs, with stern calmness—"not as a nurse. You are no more fit to be a nurse than that baby," pointing to Weenums. "Lolling in an arm-chair with your hair down and your cap off! The poor child might have been burned before you could have got free to save her. Come here, Maggot; uum—did they?—poor little popsums!" patting Maggot's head precisely as she would pat a pug's. "See; I have brought Gantums for a romp."

At this there were such howls of savage joy as when a rat, fished out of a bag, is held up by the neck before being dropped among the dogs. "Hurrah! Let's play at horses!" shouted Mark. "Horses!" screamed Maggot, Tubby, and Weenums with wonderful unanimity. "Horses," or, as it should, perhaps, more properly be entitled, "Horse," since there was but one animal of the kind in the piece, was a most popular drama in two acts, in which Mr. Gant sustained the principal part. The first act presented the grooming of the horse, the second the driving. The grooming consisted in scrubbing Mr. Gant's head and face with a nail-brush, representing a currycomb, wielded by Mark with much energy and many hisses, while Mr. Gant, of course, was on his hands and knees. The currycomb was not applied to the horse's back and sides, in part because they were not sensitive, and in part because the animal was bestridden by Maggot, Tubby, and Weenums together; who, being excluded by Mark from all share in the grooming, consoled themselves by jumping up and down on the beast's back. The horse, having been thoroughly groomed down, was dragged by the forelock (fiery red) to a rocking-chair to be harnessed. During his progress from the stable to the coachhouse Tubby



and Weenums kept their seats on his back, but Maggot got off to walk by his side and stamp with her foot on his hand whenever it touched the floor. It was a sight to make an old man young to see the joy of that child each time she scrunched it. Her laugh was like sunshine set to music. Mr. Gant, however, not having "the child's heart within the man's," though not quite unmoved, was unmoved to laughter. The horse having been most elaborately harnessed (for Mark was particular to pedantry in imitating every detail he could remember—be sure he remembered the bit), the second act opened with the driving of the carriage. Tubby and Weenums, observing the unities, stuck still to the beast's back as postillions whose duty it was not to spare the spur. Nor did they. Mark and Maggot drove, Mark having the command of the reins and Maggot of the whip. Maggot, however, using the whip with such zest and zeal as not to spare even the postillions—whose howls were sweet to Mr. Gant—was promptly disarmed by Miss Tubbs and retired in a sulk to the window. Finding no one but herself a pin the worse for this move she became more and more splenetic, till suddenly, and as one possessed, she darted back to the scene, caught the unhappy horse by the forelock of fire, and gave it so vicious a tug, that Mr. Gant, considering no living in England worth this, suddenly started up. The carriage, being a rocking-chair, was knocked backwards upon Mark; Tubby and Weenums, "like tumbled fruit in grass," rolled over and over on the floor, and Maggot, as amazed as Balaam, ran to her aunt. Mark, who withal was a manly little ruffian, thought the thing a joke, was up in a moment, and, being reminded of the breakdown of a cab he had witnessed in Wefton, shouted at the top of his voice, "Sit on his head! Sit on his head!" So screaming, he sprang like a tiger upon Mr. Gant from behind, clasped him round the throat, and tried to pull him down; in a second Maggot reinforced him, and between them Mr. Gant, taken by surprise, was borne backwards to the ground. Here Mark sat on his face in a most business-like manner and gave cool and clear orders to his helps. "Cut the traces! Keep clear of his hind legs there! Woa! would you?" This last admonition was addressed to Mr. Gant, who was as restive as he was able to be under the weight of four very fine children sitting on his face and chest. Having succeeded at last in oozing from under them, he gave Mark such a sounding box in the ear as convinced even this vivacious youth that the game was over. Mark, red as fire, looked up amazed for a moment and then flew at Mr. Gant and gave him a furious kick on the shin.

"Mark, come here!" cried Miss Tubbs, in a cold, clear-cut, commanding tone. She felt shocked at Mr. Gant's childish loss of temper, but she must conceal this feeling from the children lest they should lose respect for their priest—"Gantums," to wit. She must even affect to think the poor children in fault.

"Mark, did you hear me speak?" Perhaps Mark couldn't hear his aunt speak because of the noise of his own whistling. For he so

accompanied with a few careless notes his defiant little swagger to the nursery door. Having reached and opened it without obstruction, he shouted, "Come along, Maggot!" when not only he and Maggot, but Tubby and Weenums, shot out of sight like a shoal of minnows.

"Mark! Come back this instant!" The only reply was "Ganderum Gantums! Ganderum Gantums! Ganderum Gantums!" repeated hundreds of times with maddening persistence, first by a single shrill voice, and then by a still shriller chorus. Miss Tubbs strode out of the nursery and along the corridor to the stair-head, the voices ceasing suddenly when she was halfway, and being succeeded by the sound of a scramble and scamper downstairs. She then returned to the nursery, where Mr. Gant, having recovered his temper and lost his courage, was awaiting her in some trepidation. "It needs some forbearance to play with children, Mr. Gant." (N.B.—Not "Vicar," but "Mr. Gant"—a change of title as significant as Cæsar's "Quirites.") She could not forgive his ferocity in a moment. "Mark, you know, is only a child."

"Only a child." To Mr. Gant it sounded as though she said "Only a mad dog." Was there a more devilish being in existence than a child?

"He is high-spirited and hasty, but very forgiving," continued Miss Tubbs, "and I have no doubt that when next you come he will have forgotten it and be the same as ever with you. I want you to get on well with him, for I mean him to be one of your choir, Vicar." (Cæsar had returned to "Milites.") "One of his choir!" Merciful Heaven! that little demon to haunt him Sunday and weekday at rehearsal and service!

At this moment the future chorister, conducting his own little choir, was heard serenading them under the window: "Ganderum Gantums! Ganderum Gantums! Ganderum Gantums! Ganderum Gantums!" *ad infinitum*; until Miss Tubbs herself seemed to think it a little monotonous.

"Tiresome child! The best way is not to notice him. I always find that he comes right if he's let alone. And if I were you, Vicar, I shouldn't say a word to him about being sorry, or that, when next you come, as ten to one he will have forgotten the blow by then. Dear, dear! that sing-song is very trying. Let us go into the library, and we shan't hear it, and they'll never find us out."

"Thank you, I must go, Miss Tubbs. Would you kindly allow me to set myself to rights a little in Mr. Mills' dressing-room?"

Mr. Gant looked as if he had been in a street fight. His fiery red hair, which he kept accurately parted in the middle, and smooth as glass at the sides, was shooting out tongues of flame, as in a pentecostal picture. His cassock waistcoat, having lost some of its mysterious fastenings, had slipped away from the dog-collar, and exposed an expanse of dingy-looking flannel shirt, while his coat was torn at the collar and dusty down the back.

"Certainly, Vicar. Why, you've torn your coat! If you will take it off I shall get Binns to put a stitch in it."

"Oh, no, thank you. I am going straight home."

While Mr. Gant was refitting in the dressing-room he racked his brain to think of some excuse for asking Miss Tubbs to accompany him down the drive to the gate. He felt certain he would otherwise be waylaid and mobbed by those—— Here he clenched teeth and hands. He could have prayed for those children.

"You might come as far as St. George's with me, Miss Tubbs."

"St. George's! Why, we went over it together only last Monday. Has anything occurred since?"

"Well, no; but I thought, perhaps—there were the Prayer-Book markers, you know."

"I told the man plainly as words could speak that he must make the clergy stalls higher to hold such Prayer Books as would fit my markers. He *can't* have misunderstood me. Perhaps you *had* better go to-day, Vicar, and mention it again. These men are so stupid."

So there was nothing for it but that the wretched man must go sounding on his perilous way alone. Mark, Maggot, & Co., however, had by this time forgotten his existence. While they were singing their plain-song of "Ganderum Gantums!" with undiminished energy, old Shorrocks the gardener, of whom Miss Tubbs herself almost stood in awe, took Mark smartly in the rear with the flat of his spade for trampling upon the bed that was under the nursery window; "and one," as Tennyson sings, of the whilom joyous linnet—

And one is sad; his note is changed.

But not for long. Mark rallies his forces at the far side of a manure heap near the back gate of the garden, and suggests a raid upon the pot-house to carry off two flower-pots each for cockshots. In the pot-house, however, his attention is diverted by two pots of paint, red and white, for the woodwork of the frames, when it occurs to the ever ingenious Mark that it would be a sweeter revenge to paint old Shorrocks' white camellias red and the red white. For Shorrocks carried off prizes for his camellias. Accordingly Maggot is entrusted with the white paint for the red camellias, while Mark set to work with the red paint upon the white. This having been done pretty perfectly, and much paint remaining over which it seemed a shame to waste, Mark suggested their disguising themselves as Red Indians, to frighten crabby old Meely. Red paint and feathers only were required. A cock, after a smart chase, was run into the hen-house, and had his tail plucked out by Mark while Maggot was painting Tubby and Weenums. Weenums didn't like it at first, it was too like washing. But a sight of Tubby's face when finished convinced him that the resemblance was only superficial, and he submitted with an excellent grace. Then Maggot painted Mark, and Mark Maggot, and flower-pots of suitable sizes for helmets having been picked out and adorned with feathers stuck in the bottom, were fitted on each of their heads by Mark, and the tribe set forth in Indian file upon

the war-path. Outside the garden gate they came all but face to face upon Shorrocks wheeling a barrow. Mark and Maggot, moulting their feathered helmets, fled, leaving their rearguard in the enemy's hands. Mark, when near the house, tripped and came down, and looked back as he rose to see if the enemy was hard upon him; but, finding him far off with Tubby and Weenums in either hand, making slowly for the house, he shot away in the opposite direction. Maggot sped past her fallen brother without once looking back, and dashed headlong into the house, into the hall, and almost into the arms of her aunt. "Gracious Heavens!" exclaimed Miss Tubbs, so horrified to see her darling in a panic, and covered, as it seemed, with blood, that she had hardly strength to half carry and half drag the child to the nearest sofa, which happened to be in the drawing-room. Maggot in this way was enabled to print an Indian proof impression of her face and frock upon her aunt's sumptuous silk dress, and a fainter but still fair copy upon the sofa.

This, in brief, explains Mr. Gant's escape. When he got down the drive, and out on the road, and breathed freely, he resolved never again, while he lived, to affect a love of children. If then and there he had abjured all his other affectations of liking things he had no taste for, and reading books he had never opened, and understanding subjects which were Greek to him, there would, it is true, have been but little of him left, but the balance would not have been unendurable.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### GEORGE'S CONFESSION.

WE have discreetly left our lovers to themselves for the last chapter. It would have been in the worst taste to have intruded upon them, and, besides, would have been a blunder no less than a crime. Love, like lotos-eating, is delicious, but stupefying, and lovers' talk to outsiders is

Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong.

Nor should we now return to George and Mabel if their happiness were cloudless; for cloudless happiness, like a cloudless sky, is not picturesque. But it was not cloudless. Far from it. Mabel, quick to read the slightest shade of expression even in a little child's face, saw that all was not right with George before they had been a week engaged. The cloud which crossed his face at times threw its shadow upon hers, and made her miserable for the moment and tormented her afterwards. He was not perfectly happy in their engagement. That was plain. But why? Mabel could think of only one reason—that he had mistaken fancy for affection, and had found out his mistake. And yet—and yet, who ever loved if he did not? She recalled again and again every word

and look and tone and gesture by which he seemed "to catch up the whole of love and utter it" more and more passionately and impetuously at every fresh meeting. Still, in the very midst of such a transport, this dark mood seemed to seize him, involuntary as a shudder, and carry him away for the moment, and estrange his very thoughts from her. Whence was it? Surely, if it had nothing to do with her, he would have confided it to her. He seemed to open out all his whole heart to her, except this Bluebeard chamber. Her fate must be hid away in it—her life itself. Mabel was no silly lovesick sentimentalist, but she felt she had staked all on George's love. If she lost, she mightn't die; but it would be better for her if she did die. The mere shadow of such a cloud and eclipse "had power to shake her as it passed." Night after night she paced up and down her room, recalling and repeating his most passionate words, as a charm against the memory of his moody and miserable looks. But the charm would fail, and these looks would haunt and terrify her, working upon her exceeding self-distrust and lowliness. For what was there in her to hold such a heart as George's? You see, her father's supreme contempt for her, making its mark upon her character in her most impressionable years, was not easily erasable. In moments of depression she thought of herself as her father thought of her; and those moments, when George's moody looks recurred to her, were moments of miserable depression.

At the same hour and in the same mood George also would be pacing up and down his narrow room. What can we say for him? We can say nothing for him. That he was a weak man—pitifully weak, perhaps—our readers will long since have decided. Well, he was weak. He is not an ideal hero by any means. He was not stronger than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand, but he was at least as strong. It is not easy, out of a novel, to be brave against the world, especially if the world includes a girl like Mabel; and though George up to this was a slave, if you like, as

All are slaves who dare not choose  
Hatred, slander, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;

—yet he was a slave in very good company, and in a very large company, which may even include the reader who condemns him. But even the reader who condemns him would pity him if he saw his naked heart, as he paced up and down his room. His life a lie, and such a lie! A lie at the fount of truth, poisoning every word and every act and every relationship. The dress he wore a cheat—his position a sacrilege—his bread, holy bread, profaned and stolen. A false priest! God in heaven! no more loathsome creature crawls the earth. He must strangle this foul serpent before it coils another fold about him, binding his helpless hands to his sides. At least he must confide in Mabel, and not make her also his dupe. How he abhorred himself for the

wicked weakness which made him catch at this innocent life as he was being swept away, and drag it also into the vortex. It might be supposed that George could think of nothing but Mabel in the very first week of their engagement. Nor could he. It was the thought of Mabel made his cowardice and dishonesty more insupportable than ever. Her love, like an honour conferred by a prince, made the man who won it long to prove himself worthy of it. Worthy of it! Was he worthy of it? He was a living lie to her, as to all. Thus it was that George never felt the falsehood of his position more intensely than on the very morning after his engagement. It was no inconstancy that made his mind recur again that morning to the misery that tormented it the morning before, or it was an inconstancy like Lovelace's:—

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

It was love itself woke his conscience, which had been lulled to sleep for a few hours. It was true there were baser agencies at work to waken it. Mr. Gant, in his zeal for the Church, lost not a moment in rousing Wefton to a sense of the danger which threatened it by the appointment of such a man as Kneeshaw to such a living as St. George's. George heard from friend and foe the venomous reports he was at the pains to spread about him; and, though he could conscientiously contradict many of them, there were some whose truth he had to admit, and he saw then in his friends' shocked faces, as in a glass, the reflection of his own re-awakened conscience. "A poor creature," you cry, "who has to look for his conscience into every face he meets!" No; his conscience was no echo, but a voice which, louder or lower, said still the same thing. But he had listened also to other voices—the voices of two men who were older, wiser, better than himself—one, Archer Lawley's; the other, that of a London light of the Broad Church party; and both had said, "You thought differently two years since; you will think differently two years hence. Wait." But who had advised him to fling himself, in the interval, into the way of such a girl as Mabel, to seek and gain her love, and blacken her life with the dark shadow of his own? It was criminal and abominable selfishness. He palliated it to himself with no excuse. There were excuses for it, and Mabel herself the most overpowering of all; but he admitted none. No one could condemn him more absolutely and pitilessly than he condemned himself, and no one would have imposed upon him a more terrible penalty than his own remorse. The reader will have seen that he was one of those men who, like children, abandon themselves in joy or sorrow to the mood of the moment; and the agony of his hour of remorse was as utter as the rapture of the hour of his acceptance.

Thus it was that at times, as he looked into Mabel's face, he felt as

the Tempter might have felt, if he could have known remorse, as he looked into the peaceful loveliness of the Eden he was about to desolate. And Mabel would catch this expression clouding his face, and would treasure it, as we treasure bitter memories, and put her own modest and miserable construction upon it, and keep her own sad vigil, as George kept his, half the night through.

"What is it, George?"

She had been arranging some flowers in a vase on the mantelpiece, and had drawn herself back with her head on one side to admire the effect, and, finding that a camellia would not harmonise with its surroundings, had taken it out and turned suddenly to fix it in George's coat, when she met his miserable look.

"What is it, George?"

There was not much in the words, but a world of meaning faltered in her voice and looked through her yearning eyes. There was no misunderstanding or affecting to misunderstand her, and indeed George had made his mind up that morning to confess all, and abide by Mabel's decision. He had no fear of his confession affecting her fate.

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,  
Her early heaven, her happy views;  
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse  
A life that lends melodious days,

was advice which did not seem to apply in Mabel's case. George had heard of the strange training through which her father had put her, and seen how she had grown up as a lily in a rank soil, drawing only sweetness and purity out of corruption itself.

He took both her hands in his, drew her towards him, kissed her with a fervour which was itself a reassurance of unwavering love, and, seating her by his side on the sofa, told her all.

Mabel was infinitely relieved. No doubt she ought to have been shocked, or even horrified; but such is the selfishness of human nature that her first feeling was a sense of relief that George was loyal to his love. Nor again was his disloyalty to his Church, when she turned to think of it, as terrible to her as it would have been to most of her sex. Having the strangest and strongest faith in her father, she had come to think religious doubt was the special temptation of very clever men, who were high above other temptations. Having no earthly battles to fight, they had to fight in the air. George, therefore, in right of his unworldliness and cleverness, was naturally exposed to this temptation, and by the same right would overcome it at last. It was only a question of time. For these reasons Mabel was not as shocked as she ought to have been by his confession—was rather relieved by it, as we have said, and looked her relief, and almost expressed it.

"I thought—I was afraid"—and then she paused, ashamed of her selfish relief and of her doubt of George.



"It's your turn to confess now," he said, turning her face upwards to his with his hand. He felt a great weight taken off him by his confession, and by her calm reception of it.

"What is it?"

Then, with her head leaning against his shoulder, she made the confession—incredible to him—that she imagined his moodiness meant repentance of his engagement. After he had exacted a hundred penalties for this treasonous suspicion of treason, and had come to himself again, he said, while an expression as of acute physical pain crossed his face, "But it is our engagement which maddens me, my darling. It was not enough to steal the very bread I eat, but I must steal also your hand and happiness."

"Steal?"

"Wasn't it to steal it, to gain it under false pretences?"

"Well, I am under no delusion about you now," she said, smiling, "and I give it to you all over again," putting her hand soothingly upon his.

"But your father wouldn't have given it; your aunt wouldn't have given it to a man of no profession and no prospects. For I *must* give the Church up, Mabel," looking anxiously into her face.

"Of course you must—for a time," she said in a clear, decided tone.

"For ever, darling."

"No; for a time. It will all come back," speaking with an unflinching assurance, as of a settled certainty.

"But even if it did, St. George's will never come back, nor any other promotion. I should be a marked man, and a curate all my days. I *must* give you up, Mabel. I must give you up with all the rest," rising, turning from her, and hiding his face on his folded arms, which rested on the mantelpiece. Mabel rose also, and, putting her hand upon his shoulder, said playfully, "I see how it is. I was right all along. You give up St. George's to escape your engagement. But it's no use. I shall hold you to it. I shall never give you up." George turned, clasped her in his arms, and strained her to his breast, murmuring incoherent words of endearment, between his kisses. Mabel, having with difficulty disengaged herself, thought it safer to change the subject.

"But why didn't you decline St. George's at first?" she asked, rather perplexed.

"I *had* written to decline it, but Lawley thought it a passing mood, and that I should come right in time; and I tried hard myself to think so, for to give it up was to give you up. It was the day of the picnic," said George expressively, as if the intoxication of that day might excuse anything.

"But," asked Mabel, completely bewildered, "did Mr. Lawley think it right that you should say in church and say to dying people what you didn't believe?"

"He thought I should come in time to believe it."

Mabel was silent. She had a feeling little short of reverence for Mr. Lawley, from all she had heard of his goodness, and she had the deepest distrust of her own judgment; but this seemed to her a matter of plain right and wrong, truth and falsehood, on which there could be no two opinions. George marked her significant silence.

"Lawley didn't know how deep it had gone; and, besides, it wasn't he persuaded me. It was my own selfishness and weakness and cowardice, Mabel."

"But you're going to resign?"

"Yes; too late," said George bitterly. "Do you think this thing is but a week old, Mabel? It has been growing ever so long—long before I knew you; and yet I must pursue you, and win you, and bind you to me, and drag you down with the wreck. I have been a selfish brute all along," he groaned.

"I don't see how you could have helped loving me," said Mabel, thinking it better to treat lightly what he seemed to take most to heart; "and if I fell in love with you, it wasn't your fault. Besides, perhaps my love, after all, may not be the misfortune you think it." But, seeing no answering smile in his haggard face, she added, with a sudden change to solemnity, all her soul in her eyes, "George, your love came to me when I needed it most, and, perhaps"—speaking hesitatingly, with a timid diffidence—"my love may be some help to you in your great trouble."

The girl's ideal of life was to live for another, and in her heart was something like the suggestion of Mordecai to Esther, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" She felt more happy than ever in her engagement, for she had a hope, a faith, an assurance that she could help George in a way of which we shall not speak here. George, as he looked into a face that was as the face of a guardian angel, felt more deeply stricken than ever with love and with remorse.

"Your love? What right have I to your love? I have robbed you of it. I have been an impostor even to you——"

"George, do you think I fell in love with your white tie?" with a suspicion of scorn in her voice. She resented this recurrence to such a sordid consideration as the loss of position and prospects.

"A white tie means a good deal, Mabel, put on or put off; and means more still if left on when it ought to have been torn off. It's the coward's white flag. And you did give your love to it, so far as you gave it to what it stood for at the very lowest—common truth and honesty."

"And now that I find you so false and dishonest as to give up everything for what you think the truth, I may take it back, may I? It is you, George, that have given your love under a mistake, if this was your idea of me."

"No, Mabel," he said sadly, "it is because I knew too well what

you were that I cannot forgive myself. I knew that in giving me your love, you were giving me your life, and yet I took it, with this ruin plain before me. It was dastardly selfishness, my darling, and you are the only one in the world who would not say so."

"It's as well, then, that I'm the only one in the world it concerns," as a thought of her father's indifference and her aunt's doleful ideal of a clergyman's wife crossed her mind. "Do you think I should have thanked you for being so heroic as to give me up? You can't forgive yourself for having proposed for me, but, perhaps, *I* shouldn't have forgiven you if you hadn't. Which would you rather have, sir?" she said, reverting again to cheerfulness as likely to be the most effectual exorcism of George's remorse—as indeed it proved. There ensued a "fond" comparison of dates as to the dawn of love in each of their hearts, in which Mabel, by most certainly, but unconsciously, antedating her attachment, convinced George that, if he had given her up when he first resolved to do so, *both* would have been heart-broken.

By the time they had come to this consoling conclusion Miss Masters was nearly due in the drawing-room, and they therefore adjourned to the "nursery" to write the necessary letters of resignation to Dr. Clancy and Mr. Pickles, and to decide upon their plans for the future.

In most girls there is something of the spirit burlesqued in Lydia Languish which is attracted towards romantic sacrifices. Man is as God made him; but woman is as man has made her, and centuries of our exacting selfishness have implanted in her self-effacement as an instinct. Mabel had, besides, the advantage of an excellent education of this kind from her father. George's resignation, therefore (its cause and his distress apart), was almost welcome to her. It not only drew them closer together, but gave her an opportunity of self-devotion. She felt quite happy in this thought as she leaned lovingly over him while he wrote his letters—curt to his rector, and courteous to his patron—and suggested the softening of a phrase or the lengthening of a sentence with a delightful sense of identity of interests. George, you may be sure, would have gladly spent the day re-writing his letters with her hand on his shoulder and her head almost touching his. When they were at last written and addressed, there remained the more important question of his future. What was he to do? It was a dismal outlook. Mabel suggested tuition, as it could be carried on with one foot, as it were, still in the Church, to which he might thence most easily return with the return of his faith. But George, not sharing her assurance as to the return of his faith, and having, besides, the deepest distaste and even disgust for pedagogy, convinced himself and her that heresy would be a bar to a decent appointment of this kind, even if he had any university distinction to recommend him for it, which he had not. There was the Bar, but that meant a slow death by starvation to a man of small pri-

vate means ; and there was the medical profession, but here, too, more money than he could command was essential. For any other calling they could think of he was disqualified either by age, or training, or poverty, or incompetence. There remained only emigration, to which Mabel was as strongly opposed as George was inclined. It was not merely that it would separate him from her, but it would separate him from the Church, she thought, more hopelessly than any of the other alternatives.

"Well, what else can I do, dearest?" he asked despondently. Certainly it was a hopeless outlook.

"I think I should ask Mr. Lawley's advice, George."

George had never seen Lawley since the day of the picnic. He was utterly ashamed—as well he might be—of his wicked vacillation. That morning of the picnic he had written to decline St. George's ; in the evening he had allowed Lawley to burn the letter ; now he had just re-written it. Between then and now he had done the very thing Lawley had denounced so justly and bitterly—caught Mabel with his drowning hands and dragged her down with him. Thus the mere mention of Lawley's name awoke the self-reproach Mabel had lulled to sleep.

"You're only a child," he groaned abruptly. "You don't know what you're doing, or what's before you. But I know, and yet—I can never forgive myself."

Here was her work to do all over again.

"George, promise me never again to speak of our engagement in this way."

"But——"

"Promise me."

"You don't——"

"Promise me."

Of course George had to promise ; with the reservation, admitted with much reluctance, that he might at least talk of it to others in this way. In speaking of others he was thinking of Lawley, who would talk of it and force him to talk of it in no other way.

At this point Miss Masters' voice, calling for Mabel, put an end to their deliberations. George, having taken a lingering leave, as if he were on the eve of embarking for Australia, went straight to the Post Office with the momentous letters. It was curious to feel, as he held them between his finger and thumb for a moment before dropping them into the box, that he was about to let go with them for ever his past life, his position and prospects. In another moment they were gone out of his hands, and, having thus burned his boats and bridges, he set out for Fenton to consult Archer Lawley.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

## FENTON FOLK.

WE possess one of the only three copies which were sold of a "Lecture on Local Names" given by Dr. Clancy, and printed at the request of an enthusiastic audience. To it we are glad to confess our obligation for the derivation of the word "Fenton." The village was so called because it was perched on a hill. The learned lecturer adduced the analogous derivations by antiphrasis not only of "*lucus a non lucendo*," but of "*ludus a non ludendo*," of "*bellum a nullâ re bellâ*," and of "*cælum a celando—quia apertum est*." "There were other theories anent the name," he said, "far fetched and fantastic theories, which it would be a mere waste of words to consider in the face of these two indisputable facts that the place was called Fen-ton, or town, and that it was seated on a hill." Anyhow, Fenton was seated on a hill, high above the hum and smoke of Wefton :—

In regions mild, of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of that dim spot.

It commanded a view of one of the loveliest of all the lovely valleys in the West Riding, the vista ending in—Wefton. It is said that Mr. Ruskin, on the occasion of a visit to Wefton, was brought by his host to admire the view from Fenton Crag. He looked at it long and earnestly till the involuntary tears came into his eyes, and he exclaimed, in a voice that faltered with emotion, "Out, damned spot! out, I say!" This view of murky Wefton notwithstanding, Fenton is so exquisitely situated that we might have expected it to be the favourite and fashionable suburb of that good town; yet, by some curious irony of fate, it is inhabited mostly by colliers, who work deep down in the bowels of the valley beneath, and seldom see the sun, to say nothing of the view it shines on. On this account, and on account also of the wretchedness of its endowment (140*l.* per annum), Fenton was considered so undesirable a living that Archer Lawley was presented to it. Only lay patronage, and rather reckless lay patronage, would have given such a man as Mr. Lawley the charge even of these few sheep in the wilderness. Certainly neither Dr. Clancy nor his lordship of Ribchester would have trusted him with a flock of goats. The man, by the accounts of his clerical brethren, who ought to know best, was hardly even a Churchman, not to say a Christian. They said that he once took a service without a surplice (the vestry key being lost), that he read the burial office over unbaptized adults and infants, that he had attended the funeral of a Unitarian minister, that he never read the Athanasian Creed, that he spoke of Apostolical Succession as an Irish pedigree, of the two Houses of Convocation as Pyramus and Thisbe played by Bottom and Co., and of Lord Penzance, of the Court of Arches, as Matthew Hopkins, the witch-finder. In a word, he

made light of all those things which all parties in the Church, as represented in Wefton, agreed to regard as of the most awful and vital importance. That such a man should have been appointed to a living by professing members of the Church of England was a lamentable abuse of patronage which shocked Dr. Clancy to the soul. It is true that the patrons asked Dr. Clancy to appoint to the post and that the vicar could induce no one to take it, not even his junior curate (an ex national schoolmaster, who was then within a month of his ordination as priest); still, surely in all England a fitter man than Mr. Lawley might have been found? Probably the patrons had not the means or will to search all England, and so they laid hands suddenly on Mr. Lawley who was glad to accept the living as an escape from an intolerable curacy. It is only fair to say at the same time that the people of Mr. Lawley's parish did not at all take the clerical view of the appointment. They were perfectly satisfied with their pastor. The fact is, they were one and all what Bacon calls "common people;" and as he says, "the common people understand not many excellent virtues. The lowest virtues draw praise from them; the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration; but of the highest virtues they have no sense or perceiving at all." The Fenton folk being, as we say, "common people," had no sense or perceiving of the highest ecclesiastical virtues of views and vestments, and would hardly have appreciated even Dr. Clancy himself, who was all views, like a sketch-book. They would probably, in their swinish inappreciation of what is ecclesiastically precious, have likened him to one of their own engines if all its steam was allowed to escape through the whistle and none turned on to the wheels. But Archer Lawley's virtues, such as they were, came within their narrow horizon, and "drew praise from them," and even love. They were a very warm-hearted people—as warm-hearted as any in the West Riding, and that is saying a great deal—and all their warmth of heart was drawn out by a man who seemed to consider helplessness of any kind as having a claim like a claim of kindred upon him. He had the deepest pity for the poor, and sympathy with their dreary lives and weary struggles; and when to poverty was added sickness or old age, or orphanage, there was no sacrifice of his own comfort he would not make for its relief. When one of Napoleon's suite at St. Helena would have bundled off the footpath out of his way an old woman bent double beneath the burden of age and of a few sticks she had gathered for firewood, the ex-emperor rebuked him and gave place to her with the words, "Respect the burden." Now Lawley, among his other eccentric notions, held that these words expressed the spirit of Christianity almost better than the Athanasian Creed. For himself, he always respected burdens of all kinds—of poverty, of sickness, of trouble, of the weakness of childhood, or of old age. And in his kindly dealings with those thus burdened he would always confer a favour as if he were receiving it. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the Fenton folk, with all their love for him—and they really did love him—could

not but admit among themselves that he was "soft," *i.e.* not quite "reet in his yed." He couldn't pass a dirty little squalling brat knocked into the gutter by his playmate without lifting him out and consoling him with a penny; nor an old woman gleanng crumbs of coal dropped from the waggons on the roads without helping to carry her heavy kit load. When old Betty Bartle, who lived all alone in a lair she called a room, was knocked down and run over, he had her brought to his house and nursed and doctored; and he sat up the night through with Dick o' Bob's, a collier, whom no one else dare go near, as he was supposed to have been seized with Asiatic cholera, of which there had been some cases in Wefton. In truth, Archer Lawley, though by all clerical accounts a most discreditable clergyman, was a very kindly man, and a very able man besides. It is true, the Fenton folk "reckoned nowt on him as a praicher." He was not fit to hold a candle to the Rev. Ephraim Howlett, a neighbouring clergyman, one of Dr. Clancy's appointments, whose sermons were terrible as

A tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

And, in truth, Lawley was not a brilliant preacher by any means. He was homely, wholesome, and matter-of-fact, and seemed to tell them nothing they did not know already. Now the secret of popular preaching among the poor is, if possible, to preach always funeral sermons. But, if this is not possible always, then to explain to them all mysteries in each sermon. "*Cupidine humani ingenii libentius obscura creduntur*," saith Tacitus; and Cæsar might have had in his prophetic eye the popular preachers of our day when he wrote, '*Communi fit vitio naturæ, ut invis, latitantibus atque incognitis rebus magis confidamus, vehementiusque exterreamur.*'"

When, however, we say that the would-be popular preacher to the poor should (failing a funereal subject) explain all mysteries, we do not advise his explaining them so clearly and conclusively that there can be no doubt or difficulty left in the meanest mind. This would be to err on the other side, for the poor like mysteries to be mysteriously explained. To make things too plain to them is to insult their understanding. "Sir Joshua," says Boswell, "once observed to Johnson that he had talked above the capacity of some people with whom they had been in company together. 'No matter, sir,' said Johnson, 'they consider it as a compliment to be talked to as if they were wiser than they are. So true is this, sir, that Baxter made it a rule in every sermon that he preached to say something that was above the capacity of his audience.'" And it would be a mistake to explain all mysteries too clearly, not for this reason only, but also because mystery in medicine is all but indispensable. In the eyes of the poor a sermon is like a prescription—the more energetic and mysterious it is the more potent must be the medi-



cine it prescribes. Now Lawley was not enigmatic and mysterious, but intelligible, and therefore contemptible as a preacher. Besides, he was a great cricketer, and it was absurd to suppose that a man who could handle a bat as he did could also handle a text in a masterly manner. The Fenton folk, however, thought well of the man, if not of his sermons, and, taking him altogether, would not have exchanged him even for the Rev. Ephraim Howlett.

On his part, Mr. Lawley also thought much of the Fentonians "Sweetest nut hath sourest rind." They were rough and sharp of speech and manner, but at heart most kindly and generous, and Lawley, at first disgusted, was at last delighted with them. He went in and out amongst them, welcome as sunshine, and was at home in every house in the place—except his own. For now we come to the skeleton in the cupboard—the MacGucken.

Lawley's house had not been built for a parsonage, but was a rambling old farmhouse—a random collection of after-thoughts put together piecemeal and higgledy-piggledy, generation after generation, as fantastic and incoherent as a dream. Of the score or so of rooms in it, Lawley and his servant occupied but four, and the rest were wasted; until in an evil hour it occurred to our eccentric friend, five years before the opening of our story, to convert it into a convalescent hospital for two or three children who had been ill with other than infectious disorders. It was a silly whim, no doubt; but he certainly paid more dearly for it than he deserved, since it led to his engagement of the MacGucken. The MacGucken had been a nurse in the children's ward of the Wefton Infirmary, and a very excellent nurse she was—clean, firm, kindly, patient, and indefatigable, but intensely and intolerably Yorkshire. Such a Pharisee never breathed in or out of Judæa. The woman could hardly make a bed without bragging of it, and bragging of it at such length and with such triumphant references to all the bad bedmakers in the world, that a man like Lawley would rather lie on straw for the rest of his life than have to pay daily this price for his bed. Not a day passed without a scene of this kind occurring at least once. The MacGucken would come to the study door and knock—she always knocked most scrupulously. Lawley would give a despairing look at the article he was deep in composing, and say meekly, "Come in."

"Mr. Lawley, sir, could you spare me a moment, sir, if *you* please?"

Lawley would rise with a gloomy resignation and follow her through the long and winding passage to the far-off kitchen. Striding into the middle of the kitchen with the mien of Lady Macbeth, she would turn, face her master with an expression that plainly said, "Now, be prepared," and, pointing to the fireplace, cry, "Just look at that, sir; look at that, sir, if you please."

Lawley looks vaguely and vainly at the fender, the fireirons, the

oven, the boiler, the fire, the hissing kettle upon it, the blinking cat beside it, the burnished ashpan beneath it. What was it? Was it something dreadful or admirable? He tries to throw into his face and voice an expression that would do for either: "Ah!"

"What do you think of that, sir?"

What *was* he to think? He hits happily upon a skeleton answer that would fit anything: "I don't know what to say, Nurse."

"Now, sir, you see for yourself! That's the way Sarah Jane does her work. I do believe she'd sit in the chair twirling her thumbs with that"—pointing to the still mysterious abomination—"staring her in the face all day, and never stir hand or foot to fettle it. It caps me how ever she gets her time on. It does indeed. She hasn't a half day's work to do any day in the week, let alone Sunday, and half of that wouldn't be done if it wasn't for me. I can't help myself. I must be amang it. I can no more see a job the like of that waiting to be done, and not do it, than I can hear a bairn cry and not go to it. When I was in the Infirmary them other nurses would let the handles of the doors get so as you wouldn't know whether they were brass or brick, and many and many's the time I couldn't sleep with them on my mind, and I've got up and gone round and scoured them, I have, till you could see the whole ward in one of them. Wheriver there was a job that was nobody's job, it was always Nurse MacGucken's job. And t' Doctor would say, t' haase Doctor—Sykes they called him—he'd say, 'What brings you down here, Nurse? This is not your place.' And I'd say, 'Yes, Doctor,' I'd say, 'wherever there's wark to do that nobody else will do is always Nurse MacGucken's place,' I'd say. And he'd say, 'Nurse, niver a better worker was born into this world.'"

By the way, to appreciate the MacGucken's modesty properly, it must be remembered that in her system of ethics hard work was the simple sum and substance of all virtue: "'Niver a better worker was born into this world,' he'd say. And I'd say, 'It's my one fault; I know it is. I can't help it, Doctor. I can't see wark going to waste, as a body may say——'"

At this point the wretched Sarah Jane, the Helot who was the foil to this Spartan, would be heard coming along the passage, and the MacGucken would pause, and Lawley would slink away respited. But only respited. Half-an-hour later, when he had happily forgotten her existence, and was deep in his work again, that thrice-confounded knock would be heard.

"Come in!"

"*Now*, sir!"

"Yes?"

"You'll see a difference now, sir, I promise you."

There was nothing for it but the wretched man must leave his work and follow her again to the kitchen.

"Now, sir! Does it look the same thing?"

Well, it did. Except that the cat had gone he couldn't see the shadow of a shade of difference in anything. It wouldn't do to say, "No; the cat's gone, I see;" so he said safely, "It's better now."

"Better! It's ten shillings better. It's just as when it comed through the shop—so it is. When I was at the Weston Infirmary," &c., &c.

Lawley was lucky if he had to submit to these maddening interruptions only twice a day. And yet he put up with them. The fact is, he was a most abject coward where a woman, and especially a woman-servant, was concerned. The MacGucken had him, and felt she had him, wholly at her mercy. So Lawley ate his leek, and eke he swore, so to speak, at her from the pulpit. From this coward's castle he preached sermon after sermon against Pharisaism as a special West Riding characteristic—as indeed it was—but with a special aim at his enemy. Even this cowardly revenge, however, he had to forego after the delivery of a terrific blow at her from the text of the Pharisee and publican parable. He was no sooner seated in his arm-chair on his return from church than she attacked him before she had taken her things off.

"The sermon came home to me this morning, sir."

Lawley shivered in his shoes, and repented abjectly of his temerity. "Ah!" he gasped nervously.

"Yes, sir. Before I went to the Infirmary I was in service with a publican. Eh! but he was a shocker, ye mind; allus a-swearing and a-calling names, and a-treating folk as if they were the very dirt under his feet; just for all the world like him you was praiching about. And I told him one day just what you said, sir, that he wasn't one bit better than other folk, nor as good; and he gave me notice then and there to leave, and I lost my place through telling the truth plain out. But truth I've allus told and allus will—allus." When excited she slipped back into Yorkshire.

Lawley tried to explain that she mistook the Pharisee for the publican, and mistook the publican for a beer-seller, whereas he was a farmer of the taxes.

"No, nor Slicer wasn't, in a way of speaking, a beer-seller altogether, sir, but a bit of a farmer, as you say, sir; and kep' three cows and a pony; and I had all the milk to look after, and the butter to make, and many's the time the missus said to me—she was noan a bad sort of a woman, warn't the missus, and she and me had niver a wrang word all the time I was with her—'Mary Ann,' she says, for she allus called me Mary Ann—'Mary Ann,' she says, 'there's thim that can make butter, and there's thim that can make cartwheel-grease. But of all the butter-makers I've iver had, and I've had a many (for you know what a sharp tongue Slicer has, and he sends 'em packing faster than I can get 'em, he does)—but of all the butter-makers I've iver had, there's none,' she says, 'could come up to you, Mary Ann, for yellowness and cheesiness; and as for honesty, I never mark a till sixpence now;' thim was

her very words, and she lived near Bradford, past the 'Cock and Bottle,' up the Otley Road."

Lawley gave up preaching personal sermons. Nor was this the only price he had to pay for the incomparable MacGucken. Though in robust health he was regarded by her as in an extremely critical condition; and as she had so long to do not only with invalids, but with infantile invalids, she would treat him as a sick child. Holding beef to be indigestible and pastry deadly, she restricted him to mutton—mostly mince or chops—and to sago and arrowroot puddings. These last the Helot, who enjoyed the reversion of them, pronounced "the nothingest things she had ever tasted;" but Lawley took them meekly, as part of the dispensation. Indeed, if this was all, he would not have minded much, for as regards food he was as imbecile as the dotard Barzillai, who tasted not what he ate or what he drank. But this was not all. She was also always on the look-out for an excuse to dose him. If he coughed, or even blew his nose, she would administer to him either an earthy decoction she called herb tea, or a gruesome gruel in which he detected at least two of the three ingredients of gunpowder—nitre and sulphur. This he would find in his bedroom on one side of a roaring fire, and at the other, on a chair, a red petticoat and a strip of flannel which looked as if in its youth it had been a garter. The garter he knew was meant to be bound about his throat, but what purpose the red petticoat was meant to serve he did not know. Nothing would have induced our misogynist to touch either of these articles with the tips of his fingers, yet the noisy resentment of the MacGucken must on no account be provoked by their appearing next morning to have been unused. So Lawley would take them up with the tongs, and lay them one upon the other in a corner, and smuggle up his dog and induce him to lie all night upon them to give them the comfortable look of having been slept in. But as even the dog couldn't be induced to drink the gruel, it had to be spooned into the fire.

There was not much to complain of in this grandmotherliness? Well, no; but there was the next morning. Lawley would hardly have got into his study before she'd bustle in—breakfast being put back half an hour for the purpose—and take out of him the value of her consideration ten times told in brag and obligation.

"Well, sir?"

"Eh?" Lawley loathed the odious self-complacency of her manner on these occasions.

"You found all ready, sir, last night? I thought I'd surprise you. If I had mentioned it you'd have said, 'No, Nurse, thank you, there's nothing the matter.' But it isn't like that I'd be in the Wefton Infirmary fifteen years and not know a churchyard cough when I hear it, a-tearing and a-wheezin' back and forards like a saw. I couldn't sleep for hearkening for it. I couldn't indeed."

This, like many of the incomparable MacGucken's statements, must

be taken with a grain and a half of salt; for, as she slept with the children at the other end of the rambling old house, only a telephone could have conveyed a cough to her.

"But I think I have given it a check, for you look a deal better this morning, sir, a long seet better; and well you may, for I niver knew that gruel to fail. It's what I allus takes myself, for I'd niver give you anything, sir, I wouldn't take myself." This last boast was always on the Incomparable's lips, and was one of the few of her brags that were true without qualification. For, indeed, it is only justice to her to say that she always did treat Lawley quite like one of the family. "Yes, it's what I allus takes myself when I'm that done with work that I can't bide to stand, and I shiver so that I shake the chair I sit in, and break out all ovver in a cold sweat," &c., &c.

Sometimes, after half-an-hour of this, Lawley would be wrought up to a pitch of such exasperation that, if he had had a spark of courage, he would have given the woman notice then and there. But he was a poor creature where women were concerned, and he would at last leave the study in the enemy's possession, and go into the garden and walk violently up and down and work it off a bit. Here George, coming to consult him, found him walking like Weston, as for a wager, up and down a side-walk.

"Kneeshaw!" he cried excitedly, after they had greeted each other, "I must give it up."

"What?"

"The living. The Church."

"I thought so."

"It's become insupportable."

"Just what I came to say to you."

"You! what's she to you?"

"Who?"

"The MacGucken."

"Oh!"

"It's the only way to get rid of her."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

LAWLEY was not jesting by any means. He really meditated burning the house, so to speak, to get rid of the vermin. Being in the habit of putting press work off to the last moment and working then at a pressure of two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch, he would sometimes get into a state of such nervous irritability as made a noisy interruption of any kind intolerable. On the day of George's visit he had been in this way racing the post, when in came the MacGucken for the fourth time that day, and her

blatant brag had the soothing effect upon him of the strut and screech of a peacock. When he could stand it no longer he simply locked the MS. in his desk and shot out of the room like a shell. The MacGucken concluded he was ill (the true reason was not even conceivable by her), and hustled off to prepare him some herb tea; while Lawley, as we have seen, was found by George letting off steam in the garden.

It was impossible for George, notwithstanding his friend's glum face and his own trouble, not to laugh at Lawley's sole hope of escape from his Tsetse fly.

"Couldn't you try giving up the hospital, first?"

"It wouldn't do. She'd not leave. She'd only give all her time to me," with a rueful grin at this appalling consummation.

"Then I tell you what. I'd go away and give her notice by letter, and not come back till she had cleared out."

"I did," said Lawley, in a tone of profound despondency, "but it was no good. She wrote back to say that she knew things were not made as comfortable for me as they ought to have been, but that I was to send away Sarah Jane, and take in her stead the MacGucken's sister (who might be persuaded to come to *me* for a few pounds more wage than was wasted on Sarah Jane), and then I should be perfectly happy, and might see myself in the bars of the grate."

Lawley had perforce to join in the laugh with which George greeted this characteristic letter.

"And Sarah Jane," continued Lawley, "is the best servant I ever had. I hardly ever see her, and she never opens her lips to me when I do. But that woman——" Lawley's face filled in this ferocious aposiopesis. "In the summer I can write in the class-room of the school in the evenings, but for the rest of the year a night-school's held in it, and I have nowhere to go. I'm not safe in my bedroom. If I stay half-an-hour in it she comes up and knocks and asks if I have been taken ill, and then she's sure to concoct some devil's broth for me to drink at night. No; I don't see anything for it but to resign. I don't, indeed."

"I think I'd try giving her notice again, first," hesitatively suggested his feeble fellow-bachelor.

"It's easy to talk. Besides, she'd not take it, and she'd be more attentive than ever after it, as she was after the last."

"You might marry," hazarded George, after a pause, in a still more doubtful manner.

"Marry! What! cast out a devil through Beelzebub? It's the cure of the *Médecin Malgré Lui* for Geronte's being deafened now and then by Lucinde, to deafen him altogether."

These pleasantries against the sex of his arch-enemy had the soothing effect on Lawley's irritation that Mr. Shandy's caustic witticisms had upon his ill-humour. And they not only dissipated the remains of his ill-temper, but turned his thoughts to George's affair of the heart.

"I ought to ask your pardon, Kneeshaw, as a Benedick: how is your affair getting on?"

Then George told all with much humiliation of heart.

"Did you say you had posted the letters to Clancy and Pickles?"

"Yes; I posted them on my way here."

Lawley was silent. He couldn't say anything pleasant. This vacillation in his eyes was contemptible, and cruel too, for his thoughts lingered about Mabel as a miracle of womanhood.

George was at no loss to interpret his silence.

"You can't think worse of me than I do of myself, Lawley."

"What are you going to do?" asked Lawley abruptly. He couldn't sincerely say anything in mitigation of George's self-condemnation.

"I don't know. I was thinking of emigrating."

"Emigrating! As what?"

"I thought of buying land in Canada to farm."

"You don't know much about farming, I suppose?"

"No. I know nothing of anything," said George despondently.

"Did you ever try writing?"

"I have contributed papers to an entomological journal, if you call that writing. Dry and technical descriptions of what I have noticed, as mechanical as reporting, and they have been accepted rather as a favour done to me. But the few attempts I've made at literature proper have been failures. No; my writing wouldn't pay for the paper it's written on."

"Well, it's not a thing to marry on at best—'a great staff but a sorry crutch,' as Scott calls it. There's that first cousin to parsoning, pedagogy."

George shook his head. "I've neither inclination nor qualification for it. There's nothing for it but farming in Australia or Canada, Lawley."

"I don't think you've much inclination or qualification for that either," growled the relentless Lawley. "And what of Miss Masters? Is she to seek her fortune with you, or wait for you till you have found it?"

"Look here, Lawley," cried George, stopping suddenly on the path and turning to stand face to face with his friend. "I know what I seem to you, and what I have been—silly, senseless, selfish, brutal—no words are too strong for it. Yet, I tell you that, though I love that girl like my life, I would be glad—*glad*, I tell you, if she could forget me."

There was no disbelieving and no resisting the intense earnestness of George's haggard face. Lawley was moved by the misery in it, and put his hand soothingly on his shoulder.

"It's too late, now, Kneeshaw," he said sadly, in a tone that belied the seeming reproach of the words. The two friends walked up and down together in sad silence for a few moments.



"May I ask, Kneeshaw, how much money you have to start upon?"

"About one thousand two hundred pounds."

"You will not think it a liberty if I offer you a loan of a few hundreds I have no use for?" asked Lawley, hurriedly and shamefacedly. "You see," he hastened to add, "I shall be a rich man in a year or two, as I'm my uncle's heir; and, besides, the money is really and truly lying idle." They had known each other only for a few months, but in that time each had shown the other his whole heart, and a life's acquaintance would not have brought them nearer together.

"Thank you, Lawley," said George, taking and pressing for a moment his friend's hand; "but I believe I should be better able to manage a small farm than a big one to begin with. I promise you that if I find I need it I shall ask you for it."

Lawley, however, was not satisfied. He pressed the matter with such eagerness and yet with such delicacy—putting it, as he always put any kindness, as a favour he was not offering, but asking—that George at last consented to accept such a loan as would raise his little capital to two thousand pounds.

Lawley, being allowed his way, felt towards George as we always feel towards the man we befriend. For benefits stir an even kindlier feeling in the heart of the benefactor than in that of the beneficiary. Lawley, therefore, already moved by George's miserable remorse, was conquered by his acceptance of the loan, and began to make the allowances which we hope our readers, too, will make, for his vacillation. Even the image of Mabel, which, a minute ago, lingered in his mind as an aggravation of George's recklessness, appeared now to him as its palliation. Who could know such a girl without loving her, or love her without forgetting all else in his love! This was not bad for a misogynist, who had good reason for his misogyny, too. Still he was perplexed, as well he might be, with the suddenness of George's changes of mood and mind. Within a week he had written letters to decline, to accept, to resign St. George's, and had resolved not to try to link his precarious fortunes to Mabel's, had linked them, and had repented of it. It was not enough to say that within that week George had realised the full force at once of a feeling and of a conviction, each of which had grown insensibly to an extraordinary strength; or to say that this feeling and this conviction had a terrible struggle for the mastery in his mind. There remained besides to be explained, what to Lawley seemed inexplicable, the absolute and decisive victory which the feeling won yesterday and the victory, equally absolute and decisive, which the conviction won to-day. It seemed to Lawley to indicate nothing less than a mind like a wind-shaken reed. Yet, in truth, the feeling itself, as we have said already, helped George's conscience to conquer.

For Love himself took part against himself,  
And Duty loved of Love.

For Mabel's love, which Lawley thought had lulled George's conscience to sleep, only woke it to a keener sense of the falsehood of his position, and decided at once and once for all his wavering resolution. Such a love, George thought, would make a lying slave brave and honest; and for himself he felt

The nobler through her love,  
O three times less unworthy!

We have taken the opportunity of Mr. Lawley's absence to explain the different standpoints from which the two friends looked at the situation. For Lawley, who was an inveterate smoker, had gone in to fetch out pipes. On his return he said, while filling his pipe—

"I thought you had made your mind up to give the Church another chance under more favourable circumstances."

"So I had, and so, perhaps, I might have 'given it another chance,' as you put it pleasantly, if she had refused me."

"If she had refused you!"

"Yes; Lawley, the love of a girl like that makes a man honest in spite of himself."

Lawley was silent for a moment, pondering upon this effect of love. "You have discovered the true Ithuriel's spear, Cupid's arrow:—

No falsehood can endure  
Touch of celestial temper.

Still I think, if you told her all, she would herself have advised you as I did."

"I did tell her all."

"Yes?"

"She said I must, of course, quit the Church."

"Did she?" exclaimed Lawley in a tone of amazement. This girl was by no means to be confounded with the rest of her sex. "And wasn't shocked?"

"Shocked? No. She seemed to look at it as a trouble more than as a sin. I think she had her father in her mind; and, besides, she was quite assured I should come back in time."

"She *was* of my mind, then?"

"Well, no; not exactly," said George, smiling. "When I told her your advice she couldn't believe it was yours. You must know she has an immense veneration for you, and I put the thing so clumsily to her that she thought you advised me to go on saying what I didn't believe until I came to believe it."

This didn't seem an altogether perverted version of his advice even to Lawley himself. But it certainly set it in rather a preposterous light. The thing, however, which most struck Lawley and lingered afterwards in his memory was the news that "she had an immense veneration for him." He was too proud to be vain. He thought little of most people's praise, and least of all of the good opinion of the sex; but

Mabel's good opinion was a different thing, and a very pleasant thing to him. When a good thing does come out of Galilee, we prize it in proportion to its rarity, and Mabel seemed to Lawley such an exception to her sex that he was surprised into an extraordinary and perhaps extravagant opinion of her. He pulled silently at his pipe for a few moments, chewing the while the cud of sweet and bitter fancies.

"She has no great veneration for my honesty," he said at last.

"She thought at first that your views were as extreme as mine; but I set her right as to this, and you still keep your pedestal. Still, she certainly does seem to have extraordinary ideas of clerical honesty or dishonesty," continued George with some bitterness. "She doesn't seem to think, for instance, that a clergyman's standard of right and wrong, truth and falsehood, ought to be so very much lower than a layman's."

"My withers are unwrung," said Lawley placidly.

"You! How could you think I meant you? I was thinking of the Wefton chapter-meeting. You should have heard Ainslie and Clancy proving opposite things from the same book."

"The book is like the dam there," said Lawley, pointing down to the reservoir of a factory; "it reflects heaven, but every man that looks into it sees only his own reflection. And as for the Wefton chapter-meeting, it is like the gathering on that common. There are a flock of geese, some sheep, two donkeys, and a pig, all grazing on the same grass, and each assimilating what suits itself. The same pasture clothes the geese with feathers, the sheep with wool, the donkeys with hair, and the pig with bristles. A clergyman's conscience, Kneeshaw, is like his digestion: it has a wonderfully assimilative power."

Lawley had certainly no reason to love his cloth, and his words were bitter; but weren't they stones thrown from a glass house? This thought couldn't but cross George's mind and, perhaps, Lawley's own also. And yet, that the MacGucken should be his sole reason for resignation, if he resigned!

"You're out of Egypt, anyhow," continued Lawley. "When do you think of sailing?"

"The sooner the better," with a sigh from the very bottom of his heart given to Mabel.

"I shall see you off, if you'll allow me, old fellow," said Lawley warmly, striving in this way to express his sympathy.

George understood his friend well enough to know that this offer meant more from him than his other offer of money, of which Lawley was extraordinarily careless.

"Will you? I don't know anything I should like better, unless—unless—Lawley, if you would promise to write to me now and then and tell me anything you know or hear about her, I should leave England with a lighter heart."

"Of course I shall write to you. But she'll write herself?"

"I don't know. If her father forbids her, she won't."

"But I shall never see her, or even hear of her after you go."

"You might call," urged George persuasively.

"I can't get on with them," pleaded Lawley, alluding to the intractability of the sex in general.

"You got on very well together the other day. You might have known each other for years."

"She's not like the rest, certainly. But I should only bore her."

"Bore her! Shall I tell you what she said about you yesterday? 'That a talk with you was like looking through illustrations of the best authors by the best artists.' She has an extraordinary opinion of you."

"I should soon disenchant her. Well; if she is forbidden to write, I promise you to call and report."

The two friends were silent for a minute or two, lost in anxious thought: George torturing himself with the fear of all direct intercourse between Mabel and him being stopped, and Lawley troubled about the possible consequences to himself of intimacy with Miss Mabel Masters. He began to feel a keen personal interest in Kneeshaw's being permitted to communicate himself with her.

"Doesn't her father know of your engagement?"

"Her father! He lives in Laputa. When I asked his consent at first, he wasn't quite sure whether she was twelve or twenty, and then he couldn't see what he had to do with so small a matter."

"He's not likely to interfere, then, one way or the other."

"No; not unless his sister suggests it to him. But he has made all his authority over to her, and you know what she is. I can't imagine how a girl like Mabel can come of such a strain."

"It's wonderful, no doubt, how

The music of the moon  
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.

I don't know her father; but certainly there's not much of her aunt in her. That woman regards the world as a looking-glass in which to see flattering reflections of herself. By the way, Kneeshaw," he asked, as a horrible misgiving chilled his blood, "am I likely to see much of her when I call?"

"Not if you call in the morning. She's never down before twelve."

"That's very early to call, isn't it?"

"Then she has, besides, a beauty sleep every afternoon from two to three, of which I often take advantage. I did to-day."

"I had more than an hour of her to myself on the day of the picnic, and she put me to the rack the whole time to extort compliments. She's a kind of porcelain MacGucken, by Jove!" he cried, warming up with the remembrance of that bad hour; "and ten minutes of her goes a long way. Not that I'd mind it if it did you any good, you know," he added with his usual generosity, "but there's no use facing it for nothing."

George, however, reassured him that he might venture without foolhardiness any day between two and half-past three, as she took at least half-an-hour to make herself presentable after her beauty sleep.

Still Lawley was not quite happy in his engagement as internuncius. "If you would condescend to flatter her, I don't think she'd interfere between you," he said.

"I don't know. She wouldn't have consented to our engagement if I hadn't been vicar-designate of St. George's, and now I'm not a curate even. No; I'm afraid she'll influence her brother to forbid her writing. Besides, even if she was allowed to write, there are some things she wouldn't tell me—if she was persecuted, for instance, or made miserable on my account. Lawley, you couldn't do me a greater kindness than to keep up your acquaintance with her in any case, and let me know how things go on there."

"I don't see what good it would do you to know she was made miserable if you couldn't help her."

"At least it would do me good to know she was *not* made miserable, as I should be always fancying she was, no matter how cheerfully she wrote; and this you might be able to tell me."

"You'll think I'm making a great fuss about a small matter, Kneeshaw; but the truth is I feel I'm not the man for so delicate a mission. If you can't get better, of course I shall undertake it, and do the best I can."

George thought Lawley's self-distrust sprang from the very opposite of its true source. He imagined that his misogynist friend feared the embarrassment of Mabel's society, while what he really feared was its fascination. "In the matter of love," says a Spanish proverb, "you begin when you will, and leave off when you can;" and Lawley felt that he might have only the beginning of this business in his own power.

"I know no one else that could do it for me, and there's no one else she would like so much to see," urged George. "I think you'd get to like her when you knew her."

Just what Lawley thought.

"I'm not quite such a Goth as you think, Kneeshaw. I don't object to the commission on that ground at all. I simply think I'm not the man for it. But there's no help if you can get no one else. How often would you wish me to call?"

"If I said as often as you write, I'm afraid your letters would be few and far between. I think you'd better not burden yourself with any fixed arrangement."

"Well, perhaps it's better for both to leave it open, and then you'll not be disappointed, and I shall be easier about it. I hate work I *have* to do in a certain time, and I've enough of that kind on hand already," his thoughts reverting to the odious interruptions of the MacGucken, whose image, in turn, suggested tea. "It's about time we had some

tea, though. I say, Kneeshaw, would you mind going in and ordering it?—she'll not fasten on you."

But she did. Taking for her text the herb tea she had just brewed, she described to George at great length, and in minute detail, all the means by which she managed to keep her master alive—not omitting the garter nor the red petticoat, which last, it seems, was meant to be wrapped round the head as a cure for a cold. (Lawley in his most savage mood never suspected its being meant for more than a sentimental blanket.) Nor did she confine her care to physical means of recruiting him, but had recourse also to mental stimulants. She never left him too long to himself, as he'd mope and that; but she would break off often three or four times in the day in the very midst of her cleaning to come in and talk to him, and rouse him up a bit like. Yet for all, at times, he'd go that low that even after her talking to him for half-an-hour together he wouldn't look a bit the cheerfuller! The fact was (this in the mysterious whisper of the keeper of a dangerous lunatic) in his state of health he wasn't fit to be left to himself, and leave him to himself she would not, even if Tuesday's work should stare her in the face on Wednesday morning; not that it ever did or ever would, for work was work, "choose how"—and no one could say of her that she ever left one day's work atop of another, like that pile of dirty dinner plates which Sarah Jane should have washed three hours ago; but there they were, and there they'd be till she took 'em in hand herself, for there was nothing in this house a'most, from the beds to the boots, that she hadn't to follow."

At this point George pretended to hear Lawley call, and shouting, "Yes. All right!" escaped.

"Lawley, do you know what the red petticoat's for?" George had already heard of the abomination from his friend.

"What?"

"A turban to be wrapped about the head; she's just told me."

Lawley's face was a study as he shuddered. It was the face of a man who finds a cockroach in his soup.

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## Spring Wanderings.

### ANA-CAPRI.

THE storm clouds at this season, though it is the bloom of May, are daily piled in sulky or menacing masses over Vesuvius and the Abruzzi, frothing out their curls of moulded mist across the bay and climbing the heavens with toppling castle towers and domes of alabaster.

We made the most of a tranquil afternoon, when there was an armistice of storm, to mount the proud bluff of Solaro. A ruined fort caps that limestone bulwark; and there we lay together, drinking the influences of sea, sun, and wind. Immeasurably deep beneath us plunged the precipices, deep, deep descending to a bay where fisher boats were rocking, diminished to a scale that made the fishermen in them invisible. Low down above the waters wheeled white gulls, and higher up the hawks and ospreys of the cliff sailed out of sunlight into shadow. Immittigable strength is in the moulding of this limestone, and sharp, clear definiteness marks yon clothing of scant brushwood where the fearless goats are browsing. The sublime of sculpturesque in crag structure is here, refined and modulated by the sweetness of sea distances. For the air came pure and yielding over the unfooted sea; and at the basement of those fortress cliffs the sea was dreaming in its caves; and far away, to east and south and west, soft light was blent with mist upon the surface of the shimmering waters.

The distinction between prospects viewed from a mountain overlooking a great plain, or viewed from heights that, like this, dominate the sea, principally lies in this: that while the former only offer cloud shadows cast upon the fields below our feet, in the latter these shadows are diversified with cloud reflections. This gives superiority in qualities of colour, and variety of tone, and luminous effect to the sea, compensating in some measure for the lack of those associations which render the outlook over a wide extent of populated land so thrilling. The emergence of towered cities into sunlight at the skirts of moving shadows, the liquid lapse of rivers half disclosed by windings among woods, the upturned mirrors of unruffled lakes, are wanting to the sea. For such episodes the white sails of vessels, with all their wistfulness of going to and fro on the mysterious deep, are but a poor exchange. Yet the sea-lover may justify his preference by appealing to the beauty of empurpled shadows, toned by amethyst or opal, or shining with violet light, reflected from the clouds that cross and find in those dark shields a mirror. There are suggestions, too, of immensity, of liberty, of action, presented by the bound-



less horizons and the changeful changeless tracts of ocean which no plain possesses.

It was nigh upon sunset when we descended to Ana-Capri. That evening the clouds assembled suddenly. The armistice of storm was broken. They were terribly blue, and the sea grew dark as steel beneath them till the moment when the sun's lip reached the last edge of the waters. Then a courier of rosy flame sent forth from him passed swift across the gulf, touching, where it trod, the waves with accidental fire. The messenger reached Naples; and in a moment, as by some diabolical illumination, the sinful city kindled into light like glowing charcoal. From Posilippo on the left, along the palaces of the Chiaja, up to St. Elmo on the hill, past Santa Lucia, down on the Marinella, beyond Portici, beyond Torre del Greco, where Vesuvius towered up aloof, an angry mount of amethystine gloom, the conflagration spread and reached Pompeii, and dwelt on Torre dell' Annunziata. Stationary, lurid, it smouldered while the day died slowly. The long, densely populated sea-line from Pozzuoli to Castellammare burned and smoked with intensest incandescence, sending a glare of fiery mist against the threatening blue behind, and fringing with pomegranate-coloured blots the water where no light now lingered. It is difficult to bend words to the use required. The scene, in spite of natural suavity and grace, had become like Dante's first glimpse of the City of Dis—like Sodom and Gomorrah when fire from heaven descended on their towers before they crumbled into dust.

#### FROM CAPRI TO ISCHIA.

After this, for several days, Libeccio blew harder. No boats could leave or come to Capri. From the piazza parapet we saw the wind scooping the surface of the waves, and flinging spray-fleeces in sheets upon the churning water. As they broke on Cape Campanella the rollers climbed in foam—how many feet?—and blotted out the olive trees above the headland. The sky was always dark with hanging clouds and masses of low-lying vapour, very moist, but scarcely raining—lightning without thunder in the night.

Such weather is unexpected in the middle month of May, especially when the olives are blackened by December storms, and the orange trees despoiled of foliage, and the tendrils of the vines yellow with cold. The walnut trees have shown no sign of making leaves. Only the figs seem to have suffered little.

It had been settled that we should start upon the first seafaring dawn for Ischia or Sorrento, according as the wind might set; and I was glad when, early one morning, the captain of the *Serena* announced a moderate sirocco. When we reached the little quay we found the surf of the Libeccio still rolling heavily into the gulf. A gusty south-easter crossed it, tearing spray-crests from the swell as it went plunging onward. The sea was rough enough; but we made fast sailing, our captain steering

with a skill which it was beautiful to watch, his five oarsmen picturesquely grouped beneath the straining sail. The sea slapped and broke from time to time on our windward quarter, drenching the boat with brine; and now and then she scooped into the shoulder of a wave as she shot sidling up it. Meanwhile enormous masses of leaden-coloured clouds formed above our heads and on the sea-line; but these were always shifting in the strife of winds, and the sun shone through them petulantly. As we climbed the rollers, or sank into their trough, the outline of the bay appeared in glimpses, shyly revealed, suddenly withdrawn from sight; the immobility and majesty of mountains contrasted with the weltering waste of water round us—now blue and garish where the sunlight fell, now shrouded in squally rain-storms, and then again sullen beneath a vaporous canopy. Each of these vignettes was photographed for one brief second on the brain, and swallowed by the hurling drift of billows. Art could not render any conception of the changes of colour in the sea, passing from tawny cloud-reflections and surfaces of glowing violet to bright blue or impenetrable purple flecked with boiling foam, according as a light-illuminated or a shadowed facet of the moving mass was turned to sight.

Half-way across the gulf the sirocco lulled; the sail was lowered, and we had to make the rest of the passage by rowing. Under the lee of Ischia we got into comparatively quiet water; though here the beautiful Italian sea was yellowish green with churned-up sand, like an unripe orange. We passed the castle on its rocky island, with the domed church which has been so often painted in *gouache* pictures through the last two centuries, and soon after noon we came to Casamicciola.

#### LA PICCOLA SENTINELLA.

Casamicciola is a village on the north side of the island, in its centre, where the visitors to the mineral baths of Ischia chiefly congregate. One of its old-established inns is called La Piccola Sentinella. The first sight on entrance is an open gallery, with a pink wall on which bloom magnificent cactuses, sprays of thick-clustering scarlet and magenta flowers. This is a rambling house, built in successive stages against a hill, with terraces and verandahs opening on unexpected gardens to the back and front. Beneath its long irregular façade there spreads a wilderness of orange trees and honeysuckles and roses, verbenas, geraniums and mignonette, snapdragons, gazenias and stocks, exceeding bright and fragrant, with the green slopes of Monte Epomeo for a background and Vesuvius for far distance. There are wonderful bits of detail in this garden. One dark, thick-foliaged olive, I remember, leaning from the tufa over a lizard-haunted wall, feathered waist-high in huge acanthus-leaves. The whole rich orchard ground of Casamicciola is dominated by Monte Epomeo, the extinct volcano which may be called the *raison d'être* of Ischia; for this island is nothing but a mountain lifted by the

energy of fire from the sea basement. Its fantastic peaks and ridges, sulphur-coloured, dusty grey, and tawny, with brushwood in young leaf upon the cloven flanks, form a singular pendant to the austere but more artistically modelled limestone crags of Capri. No two islands that I know, within so short a space of sea, offer two pictures so different in style and quality of loveliness. The inhabitants are equally distinct in type. Here, in spite of what De Musset wrote somewhat affectedly about the peasant girls—

Ischia ! c'est là qu'on a des yeux,  
C'est là qu'un corsage amoureux  
Serre la hanche.  
Sur un bas rouge bien tiré  
Brille, sous le jupon doré,  
La mule blanche—

in spite of these lines I did not find the Ischian women eminent, as those of Capri are, for beauty. But the young men have fine, loose, faun-like figures, and faces that would be strikingly handsome but for too long and prominent noses. They are a singular race, graceful in movement.

Evening is divine in Ischia. From the topmost garden terrace of the inn one looks across the sea toward Terracina, Gaeta, and those descending mountain buttresses, the Phlegrean plains, and the distant snows of the Abruzzi. Rain-washed and luminous, the sunset sky held Hesper trembling in a solid green of beryl. Fireflies flashed among the orange blossoms. Far away in the obscurity of eastern twilight glared the smouldering cone of Vesuvius—a crimson blot upon the darkness—a Cyclops' eye, bloodshot and menacing.

The company in the Piccola Sentinella, young and old, were decrepit, with an odd, rheumatic, shrivelled look upon them. The dining-room reminded me, as certain rooms are apt to do, of a ship's saloon. I felt as though I had got into the cabin of the *Flying Dutchman*, and that all these people had been sitting there at meat a hundred years, through storm and shine, for ever driving onward over immense waves in an enchanted calm.

#### ISCHIA AND FORIO.

One morning we drove along the shore, up hill and down, by the Porto d'Ischia to the town and castle. This country curiously combines the qualities of Corfu and Catania. The near distance, so richly cultivated, with the large volcanic slopes of Monte Epomeo rising from the sea, is like Catania. Then, across the gulf, are the bold outlines and snowy peaks of the Abruzzi, recalling Albanian ranges. Here, as in Sicily, the old lava is overgrown with prickly pear and red valerian. Mesembrianthemums—I must be pardoned this word, for I cannot omit those fleshy-leaved creepers, with their wealth of gaudy blossoms, shaped like sea anemones, coloured like strawberry and pine-apple cream-ices—mesembrianthemums, then, tumble in torrents from the

walls, and large-cupped white convolvuluses curl about the hedges. The Castle Rock, with Capri's refined sky-coloured outline breaking its hard profile on the horizon, is one of those exceedingly picturesque objects just too theatrical to be artistic. It seems ready-made for a back scene in *Musaniello*, and cries out to the chromo-lithographer, "Come and make the most of me!" Yet this morning all things, in sea, earth, and sky, were so delicately tinted and bathed in pearly light that it was difficult to be critical.

In the afternoon we took the other side of the island, driving through Lacca to Forio. One gets right round the bulk of Epomeo, and looks up into a weird region called Le Falange, where white lava streams have poured in two broad irregular torrents among broken precipices. Forio itself is placed at the end of a piano, boldly thrust into the sea; and its furthest promontory bears a pilgrimage church, intensely white and glaring.

There is something arbitrary in the memories we make of places casually visited, dependent as they are upon our mood at the moment or on an accidental interweaving of impressions which the *genius loci* blends for us. Of Forio two memories abide with me. The one is of a young woman, with very fair hair, in a light blue dress, standing beside an older woman in a garden. There was a flourishing pomegranate tree above them. The whiteness and the dreamy smile of the young woman seemed strangely out of tune with her strong-toned southern surroundings. I could have fancied her a daughter of some moist north-western isle of Scandinavian seas. My other memory is of a lad, brown, handsome, powerfully-featured, thoughtful, lying curled up in the sun upon a sort of ladder in his house court, profoundly meditating. He had a book in his hand, and his finger still marked the place where he had read. He looked as though a Columbus or a Campanella might emerge from his earnest, fervent, steadfast adolescence. Driving rapidly along, and leaving Forio in all probability for ever, I kept wondering whether those two lives, discerned as though in vision, would meet—whether she was destined to be his evil genius, whether posterity would hear of him and journey to his birthplace in this world-neglected Forio. Such reveries are futile. Yet who entirely resists them?

#### MONTE EPOMEO.

About three on the morning which divides the month of May into two equal parts I woke and saw the waning moon right opposite my window, stayed in her descent upon the slope of Epomeo. Soon afterwards Christian called me, and we settled to ascend the mountain. Three horses and a stout black donkey, with their inevitable grooms, were ordered; and we took for guide a lovely faun-like boy, goat-faced, goat-footed, with gentle manners and pliant limbs swaying beneath the breath of impulse. He was called Giuseppe.

The way leads past the mineral baths and then strikes uphill, at first through lanes cut deep in the black lava. The trees meet almost overhead. It is like Devonshire, except that one half hopes to see tropical foxgloves with violet bells and downy leaves sprouting among the lush grasses and sweet-scented ferns upon those gloomy, damp, warm walls. After this we skirted a *maquis* of arbutus, and came upon the long volcanic ridge, with divinest outlook over Procida and Miseno toward Vesuvius. Then once more we had to dive into brown sandstone gullies, extremely steep, where the horses almost burst their girths in scrambling, and the grooms screamed, exasperating their confusion with encouragements and curses. Straight or bending as a willow wand, Giuseppe kept in front. I could have imagined he had stepped to life from one of Lionardo's fancy-sprighted studies.

After this fashion we gained the spine of mountain which composes Ischia—the smooth ascending ridge that grows up from those eastern waves to what was once the apex of fire-vomiting Inarime, and breaks in precipices westward, a ruin of gulfed lava, tortured by the violence of pent Typhæus. Under a vast umbrella pine we dismounted, rested, and saw Capri. Now the road skirts slanting-wise along the further flank of Epomeo, rising by muddy earth-heaps and sandstone hollows to the quaint pinnacles which build the summit. There is no inconsiderable peril in riding over this broken ground ; for the soil crumbles away, and the ravines open downward, treacherously masked with brushwood.

On Epomeo's topmost cone a chapel dedicated to S. Niccolo da Bari, the Italian patron of seamen, has been hollowed from the rock. Attached to it is the dwelling of two hermits, subterranean, with long dark corridors and windows opening on the western seas. Church and hermitage alike are scooped, with slight expenditure of mason's skill, from solid mountain. The windows are but loopholes, leaning from which the town of Forio is seen, 2,500 feet below ; and the jagged precipices of the menacing Falange toss their contorted horror forth to sea and sky. Through gallery and grotto we wound in twilight under a monk's guidance, and came at length upon the face of the crags above Casamicciola. A few steps upward, cut like a ladder in the stone, brought us to the topmost peak—a slender spire of soft, yellowish tufa. It reminded me (with differences) of the way one climbs the spire at Strasburg, and stands upon that temple's final crocket, with nothing but a lightning conductor to steady swimming senses. Different indeed are the views unrolled beneath the peak of Epomeo and the pinnacle of Strasburg ! Vesuvius, with the broken lines of Procida, Miseno, and Lago Fusaro for foreground ; the sculpturesque beauty of Capri, buttressed in everlasting calm upon the waves ; the Phlegrean plains and champaign of Volturno, stretching between smooth seas and shadowy hills ; the mighty sweep of Naples' bay ; all merged in blue ; ærial, translucent, exquisitely frail. In this ethereal fabric of azure the most real of realities, the most solid of substances, seemed films upon a crystal sphere.

The hermit produced some flasks of amber-coloured wine from his stores in the grotto. These we drank, lying full-length upon the tufa in the morning sunlight. The panorama of sea, sky, and long-drawn lines of coast, breathless, without a ripple or a taint of cloud, spread far and wide around us. Our horses and donkey cropped what little grass, blent with bitter herbage, grew on that barren summit. Their grooms helped us out with the hermit's wine, and turned to sleep face downward. The whole scene was very quiet, islanded in immeasurable air. Then we asked the boy, Giuseppe, whether he could guide us on foot down the cliffs of Monte Epomeo to Casamicciola. This he was willing and able to do; for he told me that he had spent many months each year upon the hill-side, tending goats. When rough weather came, he wrapped himself in a blanket from the snow that falls and melts upon the ledges. In summer time he basked the whole day long, and slept the calm ambrosial nights away. Something of this free life was in the burning eyes, long clustering dark hair, and smooth brown bosom of the faun-like creature. His graceful body had the brusque, unerring movement of the goats he shepherded. Human thought and emotion seemed a-slumber in this youth who had grown one with nature. As I watched his careless incarnate loveliness I remembered lines from an old Italian poem of romance, describing a dweller of the forest, who

Haunteth the woodland aye 'neath verdurous shade,  
Eateth wild fruit, drinketh of running stream;  
And such-like is his nature, as 'tis said,  
That ever weepeth he when clear skies gleam,  
Seeing of storms and rain he then hath dread,  
And feareth lest the sun's heat fail for him;  
But when on high hurl winds and clouds together,  
Full glad is he and waiteth for fair weather.

Giuseppe led us down those curious volcanic *balze*, where the soil is soft as marl, with tints splashed on it of pale green and rose and orange, and a faint scent in it of sulphur. They break away into wild chasms, where rivulets begin; and here the narrow watercourses made for us plain going. The turf beneath our feet was starred with cyclamens and wavering anemones. At last we reached the chestnut woods, and so by winding paths descended on the village. Giuseppe told me, as we walked, that in a short time he would be obliged to join the army. He contemplated this duty with a dim and undefined dislike. Nor could I, too, help dreading and misliking it for him. The untamed, gentle creature, who knew so little but his goats as yet, whose nights had been passed from childhood à la *belle étoile*, whose limbs had never been cumbered with broadcloth or belt—for him to be shut up in the barrack of some Lombard city, packed in white conscript's sacking, drilled, taught to read and write, and weighted with the knapsack and the musket! There was something lamentable in the prospect. But such is the burden of man's

life, of modern life especially. United Italy demands of her children that by this discipline they should be brought into that harmony which builds a nation out of diverse elements.

## FROM ISCHIA TO NAPLES.

Ischia showed a new aspect on the morning of our departure. A sea-mist passed along the skirts of the island, and rolled in heavy masses round the peaks of Monte Epomeo, slowly condensing into summer clouds, and softening each outline with a pearly haze, through which shone emerald glimpses of young vines and fig-trees.

We left in a boat with four oarsmen for Pozzuoli. For about an hour the breeze carried us well, while Ischia behind grew ever lovelier, soft as velvet, shaped like a gem. The mist had become a great white luminous cloud—not dense and alabastrine, like the clouds of thunder, but filmy, tender, comparable to the atmosphere of Dante's moon. Porpoises and sea-gulls played and fished about our bows, dividing the dark brine in spray. The mountain distances were drowned in bluish vapour—Vesuvius quite invisible. About noon the air grew clearer, and Capri reared her fortalice of sculptured rock, aërially azure, into liquid ether. I know not what effect of atmosphere or light it is that lifts an island from the sea by interposing that thin edge of lustrous white between it and the water. But this phenomenon to-day was perfectly exhibited. Like a mirage on the wilderness, like Fata Morgana's palace ascending from the deep, the pure and noble vision stayed suspense 'twixt heaven and ocean. At the same time the breeze failed, and we rowed slowly between Procida and Capo Miseno—a space in old-world history athrong with Cæsar's navies. When we turned the point, and came in sight of Baïæ, the wind freshened and took us flying into Pozzuoli. The whole of this coast has been spoiled by the recent upheaval of Monte Nuovo with its lava floods and cindery deluges. Nothing remains to justify its fame among the ancient Romans and the Neapolitans of Boccaccio's and Pontano's age. It is quite wrecked, beyond the power even of hendecasyllables to bring again its breath of beauty : \*

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\* These verses are extracted from the second book of Pontano's *Hendecasyllabi* (Aldus, 1513, p. 208). They so vividly paint the amusements of a watering-place in the fifteenth century that I have translated them :

“ With me let but the mind be wise, Gravina,  
 With me haste to the tranquil haunts of Baïæ,  
 Haunts that pleasure hath made her home, and she who  
 Sways all hearts, the voluptuous Aphrodite.  
 Here wine rules, and the dance, and games and laughter ;  
 Graces reign in a round of mirthful madness ;  
 Love hath built, and desire, a palace here too,  
 Where glad youths and enamoured girls on all sides  
 Play and bathe in the waves in sunny weather,  
 Dine and sup, and the merry mirth of banquets



Mecum si sapias, Gravina, mecum  
 Baias, et placidos coles recessus,  
 Quos ipsæ et veneres colunt, et illa  
 Quæ mentes hominum regit voluptas.  
 Hic vina et choreæ jocique regnant,  
 Regnant et charites facetiæque.  
 Has sedes Amor, has colit Cupido.  
 His passim juvenes puellulæque  
 Ludunt, et tepidis aquis lavantur,  
 Cœnantque et dapibus leporibusque  
 Miscent delitias venustiores:  
 Miscent gaudia et osculationes,  
 Atque una sociis toris fœventur,  
 Has te ad delitias vocant camænæ;  
 Invitat mare, myrteumque litus;  
 Invitant volucres canoræ, et ipse  
 Gaurus pampineas parat corollas.

At Pozzuoli we dined in the Albergo del Ponte di Caligola (Heaven save the mark!), and drank Falernian wine of modern and indifferent vintage. Then Christian hired two open carriages for Naples. He and I sat in the second. In the first we placed the two ladies of our party. They had a large, fat driver. Just after we had all passed the gate a big fellow rushed up, dragged the corpulent coachman from his box, pulled out a knife, and made a savage thrust at the man's stomach. At the same moment a *guardia-porta*, with drawn cutlass, interposed and struck between the combatants. They were separated. Their respective friends assembled in two jabbering crowds, and the whole party, uttering vociferous objurgations, marched off, as I imagined, to the watch-house. A very shabby lazzarone, without more ado, sprang on the empty box, and we made haste for Naples. Being only anxious to get there, and not at all curious about the squabble which had deprived us of our fat driver, I relapsed into indifference when I found that neither of the men to whose lot we had fallen was desirous of explaining the affair. It was sufficient cause for self-congratulation that no blood had been shed, and that the Procuratore del Rè would not require our evidence.

The Grotta di Posilippo was a sight of wonder, with the afternoon sun slanting on its festoons of creeping plants above the western entrance—the gas lamps, dust, huge carts, oxen, and *contadini* in its subterranean darkness—and then the sudden revelation of the bay and city as we ginged out into the summery air again by Virgil's tomb.

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Blend with dearer delights and love's embraces,  
 Blend with pleasures of youth and honeyed kisses,  
 Till, sport-tired, in the couch inarmed they slumber.  
 Thee our Muses invite to these enjoyments;  
 Thee those billows allure, the myrtled seashore,  
 Birds allure with a song, and mighty Gaurus  
 Twines his redolent wreath of vines and ivy."

## NIGHT AT POMPEII.

On to Pompeii in the clear sunset, falling very lightly upon mountains, islands, little ports, and indentations of the bay.

From the railway station we walked above half a mile to the Albergo del Sole under a lucid heaven of aqua-marine colour, with Venus large in it upon the border line between the tints of green and blue.

The Albergo del Sole is worth commemorating. We stepped, without the intervention of courtyard or entrance hall, straight from the little inn garden into an open, vaulted room. This was divided into two compartments by a stout column supporting round arches. Wooden gates furnished a kind of fence between the atrium and what an old Pompeian would have styled the triclinium. For in the further part a table was laid for supper and lighted with suspended lamps. And here a party of artists and students drank and talked and smoked. A great live peacock, half asleep and winking his eyes, sat perched upon a heavy wardrobe watching them. The outer chamber, where we waited in arm-chairs of ample girth, had its *loggia* windows and doors open to the air. There were singing-birds in cages; and plants of rosemary, iris, and arundo sprang carelessly from holes in the floor. A huge vase filled to overflowing with oranges and lemons, the very symbol of generous prodigality, stood in the midst, and several dogs were lounging round. The outer twilight, blending with the dim sheen of the lamps, softened this pretty scene to picturesqueness. Altogether it was a strange and unexpected place. Much experienced as the nineteenth-century nomad may be in inns, he will rarely receive a more powerful and refreshing impression, entering one at eventfall, than here.

There was no room for us in the inn. We were sent, attended by a boy with a lantern, through fields of dew-drenched barley and folded poppies, to a farmhouse overshadowed by four spreading pines. Exceedingly soft and grey, with rose-tinted weft of steam upon its summit, stood Vesuvius above us in the twilight. Something in the recent impression of the dimly lighted supper-room, and in the idyllic simplicity of this lantern-litten journey through the barley, suggested, by one of those inexplicable stirrings of association which affect tired senses, a dim, dreamy thought of Palestine and Bible stories. The feeling of the *cenacolo* blent here with feelings of Ruth's cornfields, and the white square houses with their flat roofs enforced the illusion. Here we slept in the middle of a *contadino* colony. Some of the folk had made way for us; and by the wheezing, coughing, and snoring of several sorts and ages in the chamber next me, I imagine they must have endured considerable crowding. My bed was large enough to have contained a family. Over its head there was a little shrine, hollowed in the thickness of the wall, with several sacred emblems and a shallow vase of holy water. On dressers at each end of the room stood glass shrines, occupied

by finely-dressed Madonna dolls and pots of artificial flowers. Above the doors S. Michael and S. Francis, roughly embossed in low relief and boldly painted, gave dignity and grandeur to the walls. These showed some sense for art in the first builders of the house. But the taste of the inhabitants could not be praised. There were countless gaudy prints of saints, and exactly five pictures of the Bambino, very big and sprawling in a field alone. A crucifix, some old bottles, a gun, old clothes suspended from pegs, pieces of peasant pottery and china, completed the furniture of the apartment.

But what a view it showed when Christian next morning opened the door! From my bed I looked across the red-tiled terrace to the stone pines with their velvet roofage and the blue-peaked hills of Stabiae.

#### SAN GERMANO.

No one need doubt about his quarters in this country town. The Albergo di Pompeii is a truly sumptuous place. Sofas, tables, and chairs in our sitting-room are made of buffalo horns, very cleverly pieced together, but torturing the senses with suggestions of impalement. Sitting or standing, one felt insecure. When would the points run into us? when should we begin to break these incrustations off? and would the whole fabric crumble at a touch into chaotic heaps of horns?

It is market day, and the costumes in the streets are brilliant. The women wear a white petticoat, a blue skirt made straight and tightly bound above it, a white richly-worked bodice, and the white square-folded napkin of the Abruzzi on their heads. Their jacket is of red or green—pure colour. A rug of striped red, blue, yellow, and black protects the whole dress from the rain. There is a very noble quality of green—sappy and gemmy—like some of Titian's or Giorgione's—in the stuffs they use. Their build and carriage are worthy of goddesses.

Rain falls heavily, persistently. We must ride on donkeys, in water-proofs, to Monte Cassino. Mountain and valley, oak wood and ilex grove, lentisk thicket and winding river-bed, are drowned alike in soft-descending, soaking rain. Far and near the landscape swims in rain, and the hillsides send down torrents through their watercourses.

The monastery is a square, dignified building, of vast extent and princely solidity. It has a fine inner court, with sumptuous staircases of slabbed stone leading to the church. This public portion of the edifice is both impressive and magnificent, without sacrifice of religious severity to parade. We acknowledge a successful compromise between the austerity of the order and the grandeur befitting the fame, wealth, prestige, and power of its parent foundation. The church itself is a tolerable structure of the Renaissance—costly marble incrustations and mosaics, meaningless Neapolitan frescoes. One singular episode in the mediocrity of art adorning it is the tomb of Pietro dei Medici. Expelled from Florence in 1494, he never returned, but was drowned in

the Garigliano. Clement VII. ordered, and Duke Cosimo I. erected, this marble monument—the handicraft, in part at least, of Francesco di San Gallo—to their relative. It is singularly stiff, ugly, out of place—at once obtrusive and insignificant.

A gentle old German monk conducted Christian and me over the convent—boys' school, refectory, printing press, lithographic workshop, library, archives. We then returned to the church, from which we passed to visit the most venerable and sacred portion of the monastery. The cell of S. Benedict is being restored and painted in fresco by the Austrian Benedictines; a pious but somewhat frigid process of re-edification. This so-called cell is a many-chambered and very ancient building, with a tower which is now embedded in the massive superstructure of the modern monastery. The German artists adorning it contrive to blend the styles of Giotto, Fra Angelico, Egypt, and Byzance, not without force and a kind of intense frozen pietism. S. Mauro's vision of his master's translation to heaven—the ladder of light issuing between two cypresses, and the angels watching on the tower walls—might even be styled poetical. But the decorative angels on the roof and other places, being adapted from Egyptian art, have a strange, incongruous appearance.

Monasteries are almost invariably disappointing to one who goes in search for what gives virtue and solidity to human life; and even Monte Cassino was no exception. This ought not to be otherwise, seeing what a peculiar sympathy with the monastic institution is required to make these cloisters comprehensible. The atmosphere of operose indolence, prolonged through centuries and centuries, stifles; nor can antiquity and influence impose upon a mind which resents monkery itself as an essential evil. That Monte Cassino supplied the Church with several potentates is incontestable. That medieval learning and morality would have suffered more without this brotherhood cannot be doubted. Yet it is difficult to name men of very eminent genius whom the Cassinesi claim as their alumni; nor, with Boccaccio's testimony to their carelessness, and with the evidence of their library before our eyes, can we rate their services to civilised erudition very highly. I longed to possess the spirit, for one moment, of Montalembert. I longed for what is called historical imagination, for the indiscriminate voracity of those men to whom world-famous sites are in themselves soul-stirring.

J. A. S.

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## Authors for Hire.

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ENGLISH and American authors have lately been much perturbed in their minds as to the question of copyright. I gladly leave the details of the argument to those who can understand legal questions, and who have some personal interest at stake. Listening in the intermittent fashion of an outsider, I have been chiefly impressed by a discussion of general principles which now and then varies the dry technicalities of the general controversy. The question is raised whether an author has or ought to have any right to his works, and suggests much pretty logical fencing as to why anybody should have a right to anything. The use of property, I should say, is the sum of all the evils of communism. We allow a man to have an exclusive right to a thing because infinite mischiefs would result from the abolition of such rights. The first and most obvious mischief is that otherwise there would be a general scramble for good things. If some shadowy sentiment did not guard even my umbrella I could never leave it in the hall of my club. I should have to sit upon it incessantly, and to be ready to take up arms against the first passing bishop whose apron was threatened by a shower of rain. The same principle, of course, applies to my books—that is, to the actual row of volumes on my shelves. Like every proprietor of such objects, I tremble when a literary friend enters my study and I see his eyes wandering towards those humble rarities which I have had the luck to acquire, and which your great collector might think just worth permanent “borrowing.” But if my friend proposed to copy my book, or to have a precisely similar book produced, I should be a dog in the manger of the meanest kind if I had refused to gratify him. By so doing, indeed, he would in some degree diminish the value of my property; but he would increase the quantity of valuable objects in existence. If I am selfish enough to refuse such a proposal, the world at large has no interest in sanctioning my selfishness. If a cheap mode of manufacturing large diamonds were discovered, the proprietors of the Koh-i-noor and other such gems would be so much the poorer. They would lose so much command of their neighbours’ pockets. But their neighbours are not interested in maintaining that state of things which gives them that command. We do not hold that a man is injured by the acquisition of similar property by others so long as his right to use his own property is respected. To do so would be to revert to those outworn economical superstitions which led the Dutch to destroy half their spices to raise the value of the rest. In this respect, there-

fore, there is no ground for copyright, though there is a conclusive reason for upholding a man's right to his own books. Keep your own by all means, whether books or an umbrella, but you shall not forbid other people from making precisely similar books and umbrellas if they can do so without stealing. My Shakspeare or my arm-chair is not intrinsically the worse because thousands and millions of other people have Shakspeares and arm-chairs of the same pattern. On the contrary, I can read and enjoy all the better because I have so many fellow-students, some of whom are far better qualified for enjoying the same study. To justify, therefore, any such right as to limitation of a reproduction of my books, I must invoke some other principle. I am limiting the free action of my fellows, and I must give them some benefit in return. The principle to be invoked is obvious. Property is useful because communism would deprive men of a motive for labour. I till my field that I may reap the harvest; and if I have no right to the harvest I shall not go through the labour. This is a perfectly good, and, so far as it goes, an unanswerable reason for allowing some privilege to the writer of books. So far as books are produced with a view to making money, we must, if we wish to have the books, give the author some means of making the money. The most obvious expedient is to give him a copyright; that is, to allow him to forbid the reproduction, except on his own terms. Such a right must always be limited, for the simple reason that it restricts the enjoyment of other people. If I am to be forbidden to reproduce a Shakspeare I am prevented from what is in itself a harmless and a laudable action in order that I may confer a boon upon Shakspeare and his fellows. I must, therefore, be satisfied that it is a real boon: that Shakspeare's writing is facilitated by the right conferred upon him, and therefore that Shakspeare's writings are worth the cost of the restriction imposed upon us all.

In this sense a copyright comes under the general case of a patent. When Watt invented the steam-engine it was desirable that all who used it should pay him for a time in order that he and other inventors should be encouraged. But no reasonable person would suggest for a moment that Watt and all his representatives should have the right for all time to come to prohibit the use of steam-engines; for such a right would be fatal to the progress of inventions. It would create a mass of rights so complex and elaborate that industry would be strangled. We give, or ought to give, just so much privilege as will stimulate the energy of the inventor without unduly hampering the energies of his successors. The measure of the right is its advantage to society at large, and I fail to see how any other measure can possibly be suggested. Indeed, it is only worth saying explicitly in view of the daring claim sometimes set up by authors to an absolute and indefeasible right in their books. I am, says one, the absolute creator of my book; I have made it, not as a man makes a table, by changing old materials into a new shape, but made it out of nothing. It has come straight from my mind, and therefore to

all time it belongs to me and to nobody else, and in a sense in which no other object can possibly belong to me.

I must, in passing, deny the fact. Nobody was ever original in this sense. Scientific and philosophic discovery is a race. The great discoverer is the man who is a hairbreadth before his fellows; who sees to-day the results which everybody will see to-morrow; and he sees them because he is on the highest step of the ladder, which is always being raised by the labour of his fellows. Newton could not have been Newton without Kepler, nor could Watt have invented the steam-engine if it had not been half invented by numerous predecessors. Why should the man who makes the last decisive step absorb into himself all the merits of his predecessors? This is true even more conspicuously of the philosopher, and it is true even of the poet. He is not strictly a "maker," as we used to be told, but a shaper, of the thoughts and emotions; that is, of the countless obscure. He puts the last touch upon the thought which makes it enduring; but the material is as much provided for him as for the humblest artisan. If, therefore, you choose this high *à priori* road, you have first to solve an insoluble problem. How much has any man really "created"? How much is due to the preparatory labour, and how much to the final polisher? Anybody may answer such questions who can. Let us grant that they can be answered. We know then what the man has done, and we are desirous to repay him. He is, let us say, a great scientific celebrity. His thought has been a leaven setting up a fermentation in the whole world of speculation. That, and nothing less, is the service which he has done to mankind, and that it is which, on this showing, mankind ought to repay. If so, the thing created is the idea, not the tool; and it is in the idea that he should have a property. Mr. Darwin, for example, should have an exclusive right to the theory of natural selection. Nobody should ever speak of differentiation and integration (I admit the plan has some charms) without paying toll to Mr. Herbert Spencer. But the book in which the idea was first revealed to mankind has but an indirect and accidental relation to this service. Mr. Darwin might have expounded his theories in conversation; he might have delivered them in lectures at a college. The man who first took them up and expounded them in popular shape would derive all the advantage derivable from books, unless you confine the right of propagating ideas as well as the right of printing a particular set of words. You profess to reward a man for his services to thought; but there is not the slightest security that you will reward him adequately, or that you will reward the right man at all.

But is not the very notion of a "reward" absurd? When a new idea has dawned upon a man's mind, it is not a thing to be bought and sold: for it is not his right, but his most sacred duty to reveal it to the world. Doctors have a rule which, whatever its motive, is surely most honourable: the rule that a man who has made some medical discovery is not to make it the base of pecuniary rights. If you wish to pay for



discoveries, there are none which more clearly deserve such payment. The man who invented anæsthetics or vaccination, who abolished a terrible disease and spared incalculable sufferings, deserves all that we could do for him. But it is felt, and rightly felt, that such services are not payable in hard cash. The reward, if reward is sought, must be in the accession of general respect and in the consciousness of a benefit conferred upon our fellow-creatures. The discovery of a new theory in science and philosophy should be regarded in the same light. You cannot pay a man for devoting his life to speculation upon subjects unintelligible to the million, and yet of vital interest to their happiness. The only reward—and surely it is an ample reward—is in the sense that a man has given a perceptible jog to the slow-working brain of this humdrum world. And, equally, if a man can sing a new song for us, and set our weary thoughts to a new tune, he is bound to sing it without asking for pay. When Rouget de l'Isle composed the *Marseillaise*, the service (or disservice) which he rendered was the adding a keener edge to the revolutionary fervour. Who can appraise the value of that service in francs and centimes? Would it not have been ridiculous to pay him by restricting its circulation, when his motive, if he had any worthy motive, was that it should be sung as widely, and penetrate the hearts of his countrymen as deeply, as possible? And is not every poet, after his kind, composing some fresh Marseillaise to inspire the toilsome march of humanity?

We are getting into regions too lofty for the argument? That is the very thing. The question of pay belongs to the lower sphere. Those who wish for restrictions upon the sale of books must not give themselves the airs of men really attempting to reward merit. The commercial question is altogether collateral and subordinate. The great writer, in one sense, deserves no pay at all; for he is only discharging the duty imposed upon him by his genius. Or, if we try to pay him, we can never pay him in due proportion to his merits. The commercial value of a book has no relation to its real value in the world of thought. Books which have altered all our lives have fallen still-born from the press; and contemptible rubbish has often made its author rich. It would be as sensible to reward great writers in this way as to reward statesmen by fees on every Act of Parliament which they got passed in proportion to the number of times it is applied in the courts. If, however, you insist upon treating the question as one of bargain, the retort is easy. I have created this book, you say; therefore it is my property. What do you mean by creating? I mean that, but for me, it would have had no existence. You wrote it then, because you chose? Certainly. Then, if you chose, you could have let it alone? Where is your claim? If we had forced you to write, you would have had some claim upon us. You wrote at your own free will and pleasure, and therefore presumably you accepted our terms. How can it be argued, if it be a question of bargain, that you have an indefeasible right to fix the

terms on which your goods are to be bought? We offer such terms as suit our convenience. They do not suit you. Then your remedy is obvious; do not write. The only answer which you can make is, that we shall be the losers. But this brings us back to our old argument. So far as good books are useful, so far as a concession of the right helps the production of good books, it is expedient that the privilege should be granted; but not one penny or one fraction of a privilege more. The restriction is in itself—that is, in its direct action upon the readers—a disadvantage, like every other restriction upon trade. We should consent to it just so far as the disadvantage is compensated by results. No ingenuity can evade this plain issue. How far are copyrights useful to literature? That is the problem which we must answer fairly, instead of begging the answer; and the simplest way of suggesting the true answer is by observing the facts. Let us summon a few witnesses from the past, and see what they can tell us. Have they been stimulated by such rewards, or failed for want of reward? And let me be pardoned if for the moment I accept the office of devil's advocate; for the other side requires no additional representation. First, let us take note of the distinction which is unfortunately marked by no precise titles. "Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves," we know are all "cleped by the name of 'dogs'"; and such is the paucity of language that the same word "author" describes at once a Plato or a Shakspeare, and the writer of such an article as this present. The case, indeed, is common. A painter means indifferently either Raphael or the person who stains my walls; a musician may be a Mozart, or the wretch who turns the barrel-organ; and there is hardly a greater distance between the two ends of the scale of authorship. It does not follow that there is anything in the least degree dishonourable about the trade of authorship. It is one which an honest man may exercise without the slightest cause for shame. There is no more intrinsic vileness in being a journalist than in being a house-painter. But we do not invite Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Millais to colour the outside of our houses; and we should be making as great a blunder if we forced our men of literary genius to fill the columns of the daily newspapers. Ephemeral articles may be very good things; but they correspond to a manufacture, not to one of the fine arts. A good workman can turn out his daily supply of copy as regularly as an artisan can make bricks or cut out trousers. He must have practice and dexterity; a certain facility for improving the grammar whilst reproducing the sentiments of the great mass of commonplace people; and a quickness in divining the general currents of opinion. Given such talents, any man can be a respectable journalist, and the addition of any dash of genius is often rather an incumbrance than an advantage. True authorship begins just where journalism ends. The essential qualities of the art are just those which are superfluous in the trade. The author, of course, may write articles; nay, he may make his living

by writing articles; and so he might, if it happened to be convenient, by cutting out trousers. But it would be just as true in one case as in the other, that he was deserting his higher vocation for a radically different occupation. The misfortune is that the line of distinction is not always palpable; that the art slides into the trade by imperceptible degrees. As Mr. Millais could doubtless paint my house, if he chose, Mr. Tennyson might regularly supply the poet's corner of a country paper. In one case we should lose the *Order of Release* and *Chill October*, and, in the other, *Maud* and *In Memoriam*. The misfortune is that whereas, in one word, there is a plain external difference recognisable by everybody, the difference on the other requires for its recognition a certain amount of intelligence. Montgomery's *Satan* looked just like *Paradise Lost* to the reader who only considered typographical distinctions. The hasty reader fancies even now that the last slashing leader belongs to the same class of work as Burke's *Letters on a Regicidal Peace*, or Junius's letter to the King. Nay, he even loudly proclaims at times that there is no real difference; and fancies, good easy creature, that the leader could really be read with interest by human beings in the next generation. And, undoubtedly, it must be allowed to him that, here and there, at rare intervals, a real bit of artistic workmanship gets imbedded amidst ephemeral matter; and that, in these days, even men of true genius are induced to allow true literary work to reach daylight through the channels ordinarily devoted to mere manufacture. It is just this vagueness, this existence of an equivocal borderland between the two regions, which makes the question worth discussing. For when the artist is tempted to become the artisan, we flatter ourselves that we are encouraging literature; and smile at our wisdom and liberality in tempting the man who might have written for all ages to confine his efforts to the amusement of our breakfast-table. We persuade a Burke to "cut blocks with a razor," and congratulate ourselves in providing Burke with a worthy career. If we confine the name of author to the genuine artist, and give to his humbler brother the inoffensive name of journalist, we may say that the relation between the two extremes is, on the whole, one of incompatibility. So far as a man becomes a journalist, he ceases to be an author, and *vice versa*.

Let us now call our witnesses, and look at one or two broad facts as to their general tendency.

Roughly speaking, we may say that in the seventeenth century scarcely any man could make a living out of literature in England. In the eighteenth many men could make a bare living; in the nineteenth many can make a very decent income. Can we say that the supply has improved with the demand? The trade has undoubtedly increased and multiplied beyond calculation. But if we speak of the art, he would be a bold man who should say that there is any improvement at all. Have we now any work to set beside Shakspeare, and Spenser, and Bacon, with their minor stars of the great constellation? Is the literature of the

present day, setting aside two or three men of genius, who belong rather to the previous than to this generation, to be compared to that of the great epochs? Is it even clearly better than the comparative dead level of the end of the last century? How many of the living writers under sixty will be read a century hence? I will not say—for I do not believe—that literature is really declining, nor maintain, what some people hold, that we may trace here as elsewhere the tendency of democracy to substitute a mass of commonplace respectability for a spare growth of more exalted excellence. The problem is far too complex to be answered in any off-hand formula. But it is at least plain that the finer growths of the literary vineyard are not multiplied in proportion to the pecuniary manuring of the field. It is said, and I suppose truly, that a successful dramatist at the present day could make an income at which the mouths of all the inhabitants of Grub Street would water. Even in the last century, playwriting was by far the most profitable part of the trade to which an author could turn his hand. Have our plays, then, improved since the days when the sole record of the lives of some of the most popular dramatists is due to the extreme difficulty which they experienced in raising a loan of 5*l.*? Plays at the present day have perhaps more literary value than is admitted by the persons who are always declaiming about the decline of the stage. This, however, is at least clear; that, through the seventeenth century the drama represents the highest literary achievements of the first writers of the time; that in the next century, there are only some half-dozen plays which have any claim to be in the first rank of literature; and that in the present century (putting aside plays like the *Cenci* or *Van Artevelde*, not really intended for the stage) there are none. We could hardly apply a more crucial experiment to prove that money-payments cannot secure good literature.

To prove that, we may say, is to burn daylight. What is a great book? How can it be produced? By offering rewards? If anybody thinks so let him go through a course of prize-poems. An ingenious and amiable person proposed some time ago to offer a prize for the best essay upon the origin of evil. He was under the impression that he could get somebody to throw light upon that ancient puzzle by a chance of winning a few hundred pounds. That stimulus would be sufficient to convert mere aspiring youth into a philosopher profounder than Plato, or Leibnitz, or Kant, or Hume; and yet the potential philosopher must be so sluggish that, without the chance of a prize, he would not condescend to solve the doubts which have haunted humanity through all the centuries. The same simple-minded faith in the power of money was humorously expressed by a singularly acute political economist who, after listening to a long metaphysical discussion upon Being (or some such entertaining problem), observed:—"Ah! if there was money to be made out of it, we should have answered these questions in the city long ago." It might have been answered that even these acute persons in the city have not yet succeeded in solving some of the problems which concern

them most nearly, and wrangle as fiercely over theories about the currency as philosophers over the distinction between object and subject. Nay, even in matters touching all our pockets so closely, the chief lights are due to such abstract philosophers as Adam Smith and J. S. Mill, who have thought out the problems mainly for the love of thinking. We have a quaint notion in these days that anything can be achieved by offering prizes and stimulating competition. Some day perhaps we shall offer rewards for the best exhibition of the Christian virtues. Meanwhile our success does not appear to be very encouraging, and, though poetry is more saleable than ever, the crop of rising poets is not remarkable for abundance or quality.

We shall not be surprised if we ask how poets are generated. Milton has given a familiar recipe for the performance; and, though familiar, it is worth remembering. To write a heroic poem, said the last man who has achieved the feat, you must lead a heroic life. Now the man who writes in order to sell, does not, of necessity, lead a heroic life. To produce the article, it is not enough to offer money, but to bring about the conditions favourable to heroes. What they may be, is a question rather too wide for the present occasion. But the saying is true, and true of more than heroic poems. Every great book is the product of a life. It need not be the product of a long life, for youthful work has its special prerogatives. But no book is really great which is not the concentrated essence of the writer's experience; into which he has not put his whole heart and soul, and, therefore, a good deal more than his desire to bring his wares to the best market. The wish for money may occasionally be the key which unlocks the fountain. Johnson wrote *Rasselas* to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. Had it not been for that necessity we should never have had the book, which, it is true, is very seldom read, but which is better worth reading than most of its author's performances. If *Rasselas* can scarcely be accepted as one of the greatest books, it is at least one of the fullest and most striking expressions of the sentiment "Vanity of Vanities" which has ever come from a powerful mind plunged deep in the horrors of hypochondria. It is charged to the full with the melancholy conviction of the sadness of men's lives, which could only be generated by long and painful experience in a morbid nature, and which creates so often the analogy between Johnson and the great writer who best appreciated his character. Money was here the occasion, though not the efficient cause, of a powerful performance. But of how many other works can this be said? The advocates upon the other side are fond of citing certain famous cases, in which the reward has been scandalously insufficient. They begin, perhaps, with the five pounds for *Paradise Lost*. They dwell upon Wordsworth's long period of obscurity; and prove that, till he had passed the average age of mankind, he got no return in hard cash for the poems which had soothed so many sufferers, and raised so many sunk in passive indifference to loftier conceptions of life and the world in which we live. They

point out that Shelley's writings were a drug in the market, till markets had ceased to have any significance for him. Each of these great men, indeed, like others who might be cited, stood in direct and conscious antagonism to the established poetical creed of his day. And you can no more make literary reformers by improving the wages of men of letters, than you make ecclesiastical reformers by increasing the endowments of the Church. To be a reformer you must have something of the spirit of the martyr, and that is a spirit not to be bought with money. In proportion to the increase of pay is the temptation to please the paymasters, and, therefore, to tickle the fancies of the vulgar. The man who makes money is the man who exactly gauges the taste of his public, and takes good care to aim neither above nor below the standard. Burke tells us that George Grenville hit the House of Commons of his day between wind and water. Burke's own intellectual artillery, as we know, had a way of flying far above the heads of that distinguished assembly. Therefore, Burke was unable at the time to hold the ear of the house as well as his antagonist. It is needless to say what has been the subsequent result.

The theory, you will say, applies only to the Puritans of literature ; to the men with a lofty mission ; to the few who are really in advance of their age and have the self-confidence—the conceit, shall we call it?—or the faith in their own inspiration which is necessary to sustain the spirits through an uphill fight ; who can resist the threats of Alexander the coppersmith and the noisy worshippers of Diana of the Ephesians. But we cannot accept the doctrine which for obvious reasons commended itself to the excellent Wordsworth, that unpopularity was an inseparable concomitant of genius. Most of the very greatest men, in the judgment of their own day, have also been greatest in the judgment of posterity. We have raised our estimate of Shakspeare and of Milton ; we have lowered our estimate of Pope and of Dryden ; but we admit of all, as it was admitted in their own time, that they were in the front rank of their contemporaries. Contemporaries err not in their selection of the best so much as in the comparison between the best of their own and of after times. And even the cases where a great man has to struggle through a long period of neglect supply no reason for refusing them an ultimate reward. Everybody would rejoice in any pecuniary advantages which might come to Wordsworth in his old age, though the prospect of gaining them was not his motive for exertion. If our few great writers are now reaping a larger harvest than would formerly have been possible, we do not grudge a penny of it. Rather, were it possible, we would have every penny turned into a shilling. If our great men have worked for love instead of hire, it would be mean in us to make their unselfishness a pretext for cheating them of their pay.

The reply might be satisfactory if we could, in fact, bestow rewards without offering bribes. But there is the very knot of the difficulty. We are applying a stimulus which, so far as it acts at all, puts a premium



upon the popular, the hasty, the superficial, and the flimsy, at the expense of the thorough and the profound; which prompts every man to beat his bullion into gold-leaf, to produce his thought before it has had time to ripen, and to repeat, with jaded and flagging spirits, the performance only possible in the first freshness of early inspiration. Once a new school of thought had to sustain itself against universal ridicule by the consciousness of lofty purpose and, to speak the truth, by a mutual admiration which was pardonable as a defence against outside scorn. When all the servile public followed Jeffreys' lead, and thought a horse-laugh the proper commentary upon the *Excursion* or the *Ancient Mariner*, we can pardon Wordsworth and Coleridge for a little excess of reciprocal appreciation. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. At the present day a clique is in danger not from the contempt of the world—for even the ridicule is flattery in disguise—but from the rush of the unworthy into the true fold. The echo drowns the original voice: the innovator must out-paradox his own paradoxes on pain of falling into the rear of his imitators. To be original to-day is to set the fashion of to-morrow, and to find at last that if imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, it is also, in the long run, the bitterest of satire.

A man has a chance of greatness in proportion to his power of resisting these enervating blandishments. To do good work you must stand on your own legs and despise the *claque* of ephemeral critics. Your motto must be something radically different from the desire of popularity or its fruits. Look back, for a moment, though the point be somewhat superfluous, at the great works of a period remote enough to allow us to speak of a permanent reputation. If any of the great men of the last century really worked for pay, were they not fools for their pains? Who was the greatest British metaphysician of the period? By common consent it was David Hume. Hume's metaphysical works, as we all know, fell still-born from the press. He became popular not by the works which changed the current of philosophical thought, but by the history which has sunk into neglect by intrinsic superficiality. Even now, the man who would contribute to abstract speculation must resolve before everything, either to be ready to starve, or to have some independent income, or to eschew originality and write popular treatises for candidates in competitive examinations. Who was the profoundest theologian of the same period? Beyond all doubt it was Butler; and if Butler, to make a preposterous hypothesis, had had the smallest view to copyrights, would he not have been demented to spend years of patient labour in order to pack his ripest thoughts into a volume which, in readable type, will go comfortably into a waistcoat pocket? He preached and went far to practise the theory that the best book would be one which should lay down the vital principles and leave it to the reader to work out his arguments. Any bookseller could have told him that the way to make money was to spread a striking paradox over as many pages as possible, and



turn out a work, for example, such as the *Divine Legation*. Who was the greatest poet between Pope and Wordsworth? Probably Gray; and, if so, what are we to think of the elaborate and exquisite workmanship which made his *Elegy* and one or two brief poems a possession for ever to the world, and yet a possession which it required no effort of generosity to treat as a plaything for Walpole's printing-press? Theology and poetry, of a sort, can doubtless be made to pay at the present, but not the kind of theology and of poetry which was the outcome of such labour as that of Butler and Gray. Or, take a couple of books which have more appearance of commercial value. The *Wealth of Nations*, said the most audacious of panegyrists, was the "most important book ever written;" the *Decline and Fall* is admittedly the one great monumental work of history in the language. Both of these works were doubtless pecuniary successes, but both of them were also produced in defiance of pecuniary considerations. If Gibbon had wanted money, he should have put himself up perseveringly for sale in the political market, instead of foolishly resisting the temptation. Some twenty or thirty years of unremitting labour might have been turned to incomparably better account than in the composition of an immortal work. The *Wealth of Nations* was the fruit of ten years' solitary retirement by a man who had every qualification for the trade of authorship, and who might doubtless have made a far better income by giving pleasant lectures in accordance with popular beliefs.

But this, it may be said, is to evade the true issue. Money rewards are doubtless insufficient to stimulate men to labours which no money can repay. They may even tend, in particular cases, to draw men away from such labours. But it is also true that much literature, and that of the highest class, has been produced by men who made literature a business. It is easy to produce a long list. Shakspeare, Dryden, Pope, Fielding, and Scott, to mention no others, wrote for money, and even lived to some extent by writing. To refuse payment would have been to stifle *Hamlet*, and Dryden's *Satires*, and Pope's *Epistles*, and *Tom Jones*, and the *Waverley Novels*. We might add *Robinson Crusoe*, *Tristram Shandy*, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and the countless masterpieces of the present day. When we come to questions of the might-have-been, there is always a fine field for differences of opinion; and the case is not to be begged by this simple observation. It is true that all these great men made money by writing. It is equally true that one essential condition of their success was that they wrote for their contemporaries. The literary Puritan, the man who stands apart "like a star," is invaluable; but he is not the only, or perhaps even the highest, kind of writer. We want the Scotts and Byrons as well as the Shelleys and Wordsworths; and it is difficult to say whether the man who can gather up into his own thought the strongest contemporary sentiments is not higher than he who heralds the dawn of the approaching creeds. But it is also true that such men have their characteristic weaknesses. It is conspicuously

true of each of these great men—perhaps it is one secret of their power—that in them the more earthly element was developed along with the more spiritual; that they could live in the common atmosphere of ordinary impulse as well as in the loftier sphere which is the permanent dwelling-place of a few exalted spirits. And only unreasoning idolatry could deny that, so far as they condescended to become tradesmen, they contracted certain stains of the market-place.

Of Shakspeare, indeed, no man is permitted to speak freely. He is a superstition; and if anyone would incur martyrdom by depreciatory speeches in regard to him, he must come armed at all points, and not throw out a mere cursory profanity. Happily, we know very little about him, and therefore he may be pressed into the service of any theory. Each of us may write an imaginary biography which will have as good claims for acceptance as that of any German professor of æsthetics. In my private biography of Shakspeare it is clearly recognised that he was a thoroughly good man of business, and, alone amongst the dramatists of the day, made a competence by his occupation. The reasons are fully explained. He made it not as an author but as a manager. He was profoundly sensitive to the danger that his nature might be subdued to what it worked in, like the dyer's hand. He was forced to write down to his public at times. He would do mere journeyman's work and patch up third-rate plays if he thought that he could draw good houses; and he would, even in his best work, write bombast to split the ears of the groundlings, or have Gloucester's eyes pulled out on the stage to treat the eyes of the spectators to a pleasant sensation. But when he had saved a little money and made a satisfactory investment at Stratford, he would resolve to please himself first, yield to a demoniacal possession and write *Othello* or the first acts of *Hamlet*, and tell the mob what he thought of them through the mouth of Coriolanus. Whatever is disgusting, or offensive, or bombastical, is set down to the manager, and the superhuman energy of the nobler passages is credited to Shakspeare himself.

It is easy to find a parallel case—though the case of a man who only resembled Shakspeare in this particular. In Pope, as in Shakspeare, we have the man of genius in alliance with the journalist or day-labourer.

Pope translated Homer to gain an independence. He wrote the *Satires* to please himself. He did one piece of work—the *Iliad* at least—in the spirit of an honest labourer for hire. He turned out his fifty or sixty lines a day as regularly as a good artisan does his regular job in a factory, or as a journalist of to-day does his leading article or his regulated number of pages in a serial story. But he wrote his satires as a labour of love; he polished and repolished; he grudged no pains to give a keener edge to some cutting epigram, or to improve the flow of his rhythm. The *Epistle to Arbuthnot* is the essence of thoughts which have been refined in the crucible: clear bright crystals which have slowly

precipitated from the turbid current of confused meditations, and fused together with the care of a skilled jeweller setting his most precious gems to the best advantage. To turn out such work as this, as to turn out Gray's *Elegy* or the most exquisite of Mr. Tennyson's poems, a man must be independent of any disturbing influence. He must wait patiently for the favourable instant, for the sudden flash of felicitous inspiration, which comes at rare intervals, and cannot be called down by any conscious preparation. His pen acts as the lightning-conductor, not as a pistol ready loaded. It must wait for the right electric conditions before it will generate the shock. Pope was enabled to give himself a fair chance, because he had made money by Homer. But if he had made money in any other way, by speculating in the South Sea or by reviving his father's shop, his permanent service to literature would have been the same. I say nothing against the Homer, except that, like many other bits of work done for money, like Johnson's *Dictionary* or Goldsmith's histories, it does not represent the true Pope—the characteristic and culminating work which entitles him to a permanent place in literature proper. I do not say that Shakspeare's worst plays and Pope's most mechanical inspiration may not be worth having. I only say that, in both cases, the line between the inspired work and the mere journeyman's labour is distinctly drawn, and that we might lose the last without losing anything that makes the former, in the cant phrase of to-day, really "precious" to lowly human beings.

There are cases in which the division is less deeply marked. Take Dryden, for example. His latest biographer, Mr. Saintsbury, who has criticised him with most appreciative sympathy, has told us, I think, one great secret of his success and of his failures. Dryden, he says, was pre-eminently a man susceptible to the spirit of his time. He is the most accomplished mouthpiece of the sentiments characteristic of a certain social phase; the very type, therefore, of the literary class, which speaks not for the vanguard but for the main body of his contemporaries. He has the faults as well as the merits of his character. He is always a consummate craftsman; a master—as Mr. Saintsbury has emphatically shown and as every one has felt—of English versification; masculine, vigorous, and never failing in sustained and stately eloquence which extorts, when it does not invite, respect. But then it is also true that as he is distinctively and pre-eminently a man of the world—I do not use the phrase in its worst sense—so a very large proportion of his writing is worldly, and, as worldly, corruptible. What one misses is just that higher tone which marks the unworldly—the Milton or the Wordsworth. The couriers attributed to him by Gray have doubtless

Their necks with thunder clothed, and long resounding pace,

and may bear him "through the fields of glory," but they never fairly lift him to the empyrean. And this, in spite of all his technical merits and splendid force of mind, is the reason why decay has bitten so deeply

into his work. For what is Dryden now? I do not mean what is he to thorough students who read partly for knowledge, but to those who read simply for love. Briefly he is *Alexander's Ode* and *Absalom and Achitophel*. We are forced to admire his best plays, such as *All for Love*, but we are not charmed by it. It is a splendid attempt to rival Shakspeare on his own ground; but it fails, so far as it fails, because the intense glow of human passion which animates the *Antony and Cleopatra* is blended in *All for Love* with the unreal romanticism which suited the court of Charles II. The *Fables*, admirable as they are, have the same taint. They are too often of the earth, earthy. They want the fresh humour of his originals, and the sentiment is always dashed with lower elements. The critic may praise, but the simple reader feels the atmosphere to be heavy. Where Dryden succeeds, and succeeds beyond all cavil, is in those unrivalled political satires, where the shrewd judgment of a large-brained man of the world wants no reinforcement from higher poetical elements. He has not to affect a strut of unreal sentiment, but goes straight to the mark like a magnificent gladiator aiming at once at the heart of his antagonist. He judges of men like a man, not like a spiteful partisan, with his petty code of political dogmas, nor from that lofty point of view which too often goes along with an incapacity for estimating character and leads to mere arrogant oneness. He has found his true vocation, and labours in it with a practised force of hand which is inimitable. That the satires were partly prompted by lower motives is likely enough. That they give the full impress of the true man is palpable and undeniable.

It is hard to say how far the lower and the higher aim might be blended in any of Dryden's impulses. Critics may still dispute as to the genuineness of his conversion, though we may safely reject Macaulay's summary theory, that he was simply a venal hypocrite. He was too much of a thinker not to feel the need and to be equal to the task of persuading himself of his own sincerity. But in any case he was, speaking generally, a striking example of the really great poet who is yet specially sensitive to the lower impulses. He could write mere ribaldry to tickle the fancy of his inferiors, and, though never wanting in a certain magnanimity, he could never soar above the world nor even above the less noble part of the world of his time, and just so far as he had to write for money most unequivocally, he wrote those plays which have sunk as a whole into the limbo of far more worthless productions; whilst just so far as we see the true man in the satires, which might at least have been written from his personal interest in his time, and without any hint from his bookseller or his patrons, he achieved the work which can never be forgotten. If Dryden had been forced into making a living by some other occupation, we should have wanted—what few of us would miss—the long list of barely readable plays; but his hands might have been all the freer for his undying satires. At least, the need of temporary success pinned him down to the labour

in which he was weakest till he was fifty; and it was not till an age when most poets have exhausted their pen, that he at last became conscious of his most precious gifts.

Dryden's work marks the period at which the journalist is just beginning to emerge. In the next generation, he appears in full-blown vigour. But in those palmy days of Queen Anne, long regretted by the hapless scribes of Grub Street, the distinction between journalist and author was fully recognised. Swift, though he valued money as every shrewd man values it who has known the evils of poverty, despised writing for money to the end as heartily as Byron began by despising it. He gave his copyrights to his friends and his publishers without a thought of personal profits. Doubtless his contemporaries did not always share this worldly indifference. They were quite capable of having an eye to a splendid subscription list or to the proceeds of the author's night at the playhouse. The excellent Steele was not the man to turn up his nose at little emoluments which might evade the necessity of another draught upon Addison's pocket. Even the exemplary Addison was paid for his *Spectators*, and profited, we may presume, by the success of *Cato*. But his work was done to please himself or to glorify his party, not as a matter of business. Literary reputation was considered as a title to a share in the good things of the time, but literary performances were not supposed to be obtainable for hire.

The gentleman author, who was ready enough to accept some little acknowledgment of his merits in the shape of a place in the Custom-house or upon the list of Irish pensions, looked down with scorn, cruel and unworthy perhaps in many cases, upon the poor garreteer who toiled in the service of Tonson or Curll. He recognised in theory the indelible distinction between the bread-making business and what he would have called the service of the Muses. By degrees, the system changed. Respectable authors began to emerge from the dismal shades of Grub Street. Defoe produced *Robinson Crusoe* as a matter of business, and we may be willing to accept it even at the price of the miserable degradation, the selling of body and soul to the practical dealers in such wares, by which poor Defoe had to keep body and soul together. And in the next generation we have to reckon among journalists such men as Fielding, and Goldsmith, and Johnson, who though genuine inhabitants of the author's purgatory on earth, produced the literary monuments of the time. Yet it is equally true that, in all these cases, the author by profession, as he began to be called, was the worst enemy of the author by divine right. Poor Fielding's works are half filled by a long list of hack performances; and I will not ask how many of my readers are familiar with the *Temple-bearer*, or the *Wedding Day*, or even with *Pasquin* and the *Historical Register*. The *Life and Death of Tom the Thumb the Great* alone retains some kind of suspended animation amongst the early labours of one of our very greatest and most masculine intellects. The works which now mean Fielding were written when he had painfully, and under sore stress of

manifold encumbrances, wriggled himself out of Grub Street so far at least as to have something to fall back upon, and was so far in the position of Pope and Shakspeare. If Goldsmith's exquisite sensibility adorned everything that it touched, who must not regret that so much was wasted in mere journeyman's labours, and is it not fair to draw the inference that he might have done as much or more, had he not been forced to exhaust his admirable powers in writing for booksellers, instead of some other honest trade which would have enabled him to compose master-pieces as a relief from work not at the rare intervals when spirits jaded by daily labour of a superficially similar kind might revive, enough to supply a spontaneous spring of activity? Johnson is the author of the famous sentence, that no one but a fool ever wrote except for money. But Johnson's history contradicts his theory, though he knew it not. For what is Johnson's great work? The *Dictionary*, I admit, is pleasant reading: but it is hardly literature. *Rasselas*, I have said, is impressive, but it is undeniably heavy. But the *Lives of the Poets* is undoubtedly a book of enduring claim to any one who can appreciate the ripe talk of a grand old literary craftsman, talking at his ease, as he talked in the parlour at Streatham, and dealing out his shrewd sense from a position of acknowledged superiority without bothering himself to court the tastes of an audience already conquered, or to drive bargains with booksellers.

The remedy popular with authors is simple. Defoe and Fielding, and Johnson and Goldsmith, should have been better paid; and then they would have been able to do better work. That depends upon the kind of work for which they would have received better pay. If that money was to be made by mere journalism, the three first at least were just the men to have been content with getting daily bread for ephemeral labours. But the answer may be given more confidently because the experiment has been tried. The present century introduced the golden era of magnificent rewards to writers. Has it produced better work, or has the best work won the highest prizes? The literary historian of the nineteenth century will clearly have to take notice not only of such men as Wordsworth and Shelley, but of such masters of style as Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, and Landor. Landor must have starved or given up his special excellence, if he had been forced to live by literature. De Quincey's magnificent style becomes a lifeless encumbrance just so far as he descends to the functions of the journalist. Lamb and Hazlitt were appreciated by little coteries; but Lamb's best work was assuredly that which served to amuse the intervals of his official labour, and Hazlitt, from the very fact that he had to write for money, remains fragmentary and unsatisfactory. The history of Coleridge is too exceptional to be of much value as a precedent; but at least it is plain that if ever he had contrived to explain his distinction between the reason and the understanding the effect would not have been a good pecuniary speculation. His marvellous poetry was worthless in a bookseller's sense, if put beside



the tinsel and glitter of Tom Moore. Did the pecuniary rewards of literature encourage any one of these men to bestow benefits upon mankind? Was not the temptation, so far as it existed, a temptation to desert her true function? Southey was, perhaps, the most genuine man of letters of his day; and it may fairly be said in his case that whatever motives led to the composition of the *Life of Wesley*, at least led to an admirable literary performance. Further, it may be urged, that if Southey had been freer to follow his own impulses, he would have simply added to the mass of sham epic-poetry. And yet nobody can read Southey without feeling that here too we have a case of literary degradation—one more example of the man of exquisite taste turned into a mere day-labourer. Southey's *Doctor*, the pet plaything of his leisure hours, can hardly be called a success; the humour is apt to be laboured, and his spirits too often flag. And yet, I think, that in reading it, we are apt to think that this is what he could really have done excellently if he could have made his bread by mere honest mechanical occupation instead of exhausting his last intellectual energies in grinding out articles for the *Quarterly Review*. He confirms the truth of the common remark that in literature, alone of all employments, the amateur is the superior of the professional; and the obvious reason is, that in literature the amateur is the only true professional. It is he alone who aims at quality instead of quantity; who thoroughly and systematically elaborates what he has to say instead of turning out crude guesses and half-digested fancies to take their chance in the world.

But we must give one glance in conclusion at the men who have made both fame and money. There are cases in which great rewards have come to great men, and the moral which they inculcate is so obvious that one is half ashamed of calling attention to it again. The chief writers who have drawn the great prizes of literature in this century are Scott, Macaulay, and Dickens. The conspicuous fact about Macaulay is precisely this, that literature was never his main occupation till the last years of his life. He was primarily a politician and a legislator, and a very large part of the enduring merit of his work is due to the fact that it is the work of a man whose interest in history was primarily that of a maker of history. The *Essays*, which are his best achievement, were a mere by-play and pleasant occupation for leisure, and not the main business of his life or the labour to which he looked for support. If we come to Scott and Dickens, the moral is as clear as it is painful. For Scott I profess the profoundest reverence. His greatest works seem to me to deserve even higher praise than they have yet received. The magnificent series of novels from *Waverley* to *Ivanhoe* is, as I think, about the best piece of work ever done in the same space of time. But who can speak of Scott without painful thoughts about the luckless ambition typified by *Abbotsford*, and the ill-omened combination of the author and the speculator? When Byron ridiculed Scott for his half-a-crown a line, Scott answered manfully and honestly that he was



not ashamed of turning an honest penny by his labour; but we can see only too well that the satirist had aimed at a weaker place than he knew. Of Dickens I will only say this: that to my mind the most melancholy record of any author's life that I know is the last volume of *Forster's Life*, in which we see how a man of fine genius may be worn to death by vulgar admiration and the intoxication of pecuniary success. It is bad enough that authors should be starved or forced to uncongenial labour, or have to toil through tenfold gloom of despondency and dyspepsia in forcing their way to the front; but it is perhaps still worse for them, and certainly worse for their lasting reputation, that they should start with splendid successes, and be stimulated by the shouts of the multitude to go on making more and more splendid successes, till they have exhausted themselves in spasmodic grasping at cheap triumphs.

But enough of this; for we are in danger of some very commonplace morality. What is the conclusion from it all? That authors should not be paid at all, or rather paid only in gratitude? To that there is at least one fatal objection. If authorship became less profitable than it is, the temptations to journalism would be all the stronger. Men must always be paid for ephemeral work, and this mode of making a living must always be open to men capable of better things. If we did not allow a Scott to have a copyright he would simply be forced to write *feuilletons* for the daily papers. And this is a sufficient defence of copyrights. We cannot possibly make it worth a man's while to do his very best—to write immortal poems or revolutionise the world of thought. By the very act of offering a money reward, we are appealing to the wrong motives. But we may take some measures to diminish the sacrifice which must in all cases be made. We may, by a liberal rule, enable the man to hope that in his old age, or after his death, he and his children may have the loss in some degree made up to them. It would perhaps be better if the whole system could be altered, but it is not yet of pressing importance to inquire what will be the practice in the millennium. And, therefore, as I freely admit, this argument has next to no bearing upon any practical question. It is simply a protest against one incidental assumption, which is often made as a matter of course, and which is yet, I think, degrading to literature. Anything has a tendency to improve the literature of a nation which makes the whole national life richer in interests, more harmonious, and more energetic. The intellectual activity due to widening of the range of thought, the closer sympathies and heightened emotions which mean that new creeds are dawning in men's minds and stirring their imaginations, will bear fruit in literature as elsewhere; and the honour paid by a healthy race to its natural leaders will in one way or other provide sufficient motives for the higher kinds of ambition. But the existence of a liberal system of money rewards for those who can but amuse our idle hours or tickle us with new sensations, is a matter of very subordinate importance. The rewards no doubt are given in one sense to merit; for the public is a paymaster

which does not and cannot take mere private motives into account. But neither can it consider the intrinsic value of the service rendered ; and, therefore, the rewards are almost as often paid for an abdication as for a discharge of a man's highest duty. At best, they are not proportioned to merit, though they may reward merit incidentally. And, therefore, I fancy that men of letters would best consider their own dignity, if they treated the whole question as simply a matter of business and practical convenience. Their claims, so far as they are well founded, belong to a different sphere, and are such as cannot be recognised by hard cash. To be as free as possible from such considerations is a condition of their retaining true self-respect. They should have pride enough to claim to be something more than higglers in the literary market. If honest gains come their way they need not be disdainful ; but they cannot profess to work for hire without abandoning their true position, and they may as well take it for granted at once that they must generally make the choice between aiming at pay and aiming at real excellence. No ingenuity will make the two motives universally coincident.

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## The Romance of a Wayside Weed.

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You will not find many pleasanter or breezier walks in England than this open stretch of Claverton Down: certainly you will find very few with more varied interest of every conceivable sort for every cultivated mind. The air is fresh and laden from the brine of the Atlantic and the Gulf Stream; the clear wind is blowing straight from seaward, not keen and dry from the eastern plains, but soft and pure from a thousand leagues of uninterrupted ocean; and the view over the broken dale of Avon, where it cuts its way in a veritable gorge through the high barrier of the Bath oolite, stretches for miles over one of the loveliest and greenest valleys in all our lovely green England. More than that—the whole history of Britain is visibly unfolded here before my very eyes. That bald roundish hill to the right, with its smooth summit artificially levelled, and its sides planed down into a long glacis, is Little Solisbury; and Little Solisbury, as its name clearly shows, is the very oldest Bath of all. For it is the bury or hill-fort of Solis, the ancient fortified town of the Keltic and Euskarian natives; and when, long ages afterwards, the Romans planted their station in the valley below, they naturally called the hot springs which they found there by the name of *Aquæ Solis*; and equally naturally misinterpreted the second word (really a native term) as the genitive of *Sol*, and accordingly dedicated their great temple on the spot to *Apollo*. Those straight white lines and green-grown ridges on the flanks of Banagh Down and the eastern heights are the vestiges of the old Roman causeways—the *Fosse* and its branches—now totally disused or else degraded into modern cart-roads; and the Institution Buildings in the valley below cover or contain all the remaining memorials of the stately Roman town. Back of me again, on Hampton Down, stand the earthworks of *Caer Badon*, the later British village, planted there when fear of the heathen West Saxon invaders had driven back the Christian Welshman to the hills which he had deserted for the fruitful valley during the security of the *Pax Romana*; and this long mound on whose summit I am standing to catch the view, actually forms part of *Wansdyke*, the great boundary barrier behind which the Welshmen of the Somersetshire principality entrenched themselves, after the pagan English pirates had taken possession of the Avon dale and of Bath itself. The decisive battle which settled the fate of the city was fought at *Dyrham Park*, among those blue downs on the northern horizon; and the tiny village of *Englishcombe*, nestling below the solitary beacon of *High Barrow Hill* on my left, marks in its very name the furthest westward extension of the Teutonic settlers towards the

ever unconquered recesses of Mendip. As to later associations, they are too endless for review. In the foreground lies the town, and from its midst towers the abbey, that last flickering effort of English architecture before the Reformation choked out its life for ever; a tall and stately but very cold specimen of good late perpendicular work. It rises above the ancient temple of Minerva, and covers fragments of the older minsters—that which Osric, king of the Worcester men, gave to a nunnery in 671; that which Offa of Mercia raised in 775; that where Eadgar, first king of all England, was crowned in 973; and that which the Angevin John of Tours erected in 1160. There to the right is Lansdown, where the Parliament's men under Waller all but wiped out the stout Cornishmen who "stood up for their king" under Sir Bevil Grenville in a fruitless victory; and the big tower on the top is Beckford's Folly, built in a fit of Oriental recklessness by "Vathek" Beckford, and now the landmark of the cemetery which spreads over his vanished domain. In the combe to the left, again, that huge pseudo-classical manor-house is Prior Park, the vast rambling home of Ralph Allen; and Ralph Allen was the original of Squire Allworthy, whose grounds, as minutely described in *Tom Jones*, are here actually realised. But if I went on talking all day I should never have finished; for the history of the Bath valley, as seen from Claverton Down, is, as I said before, the history of all England, visibly epitomised in tangible realities before one's very eyes.

However, I have not come out to-day to hunt for old relics among the works of Caer Badon, or to trace the curious bends and angles of Wansdyke. A far older and stranger chapter of our history than any of these is unfolded by the little wayside weed which I have here in my botanical case; and it was to find this very commonplace and uninteresting-looking plant that I have come out this morning. For the weed is the hairy wood-spurge, and Claverton Down is the only place in Great Britain where that particular kind of spurge still lingers on. I have got my British Flora safe here in my satchel; and now I am going to sit down on the slope of Wansdyke and make quite sure that my plant really tallies exactly with Dr. Bentham's description; and if it actually does, then I shall have the pleasure of knowing that I hold in my hand one of the few genuine links which yet unite us with a very distant past—a past compared with which the days when Wansdyke was built, or even when Little Solisbury was fortified, seem comparatively recent. For if this is in fact the hairy wood-spurge, it and its ancestors have been growing here on Claverton Down ever since the end of the last glacial epoch; and it is a relic of the flora which once bloomed among the lowlands that connected England and Ireland with Brittany, Spain, and the Pyrenees. It dates back, in short, to the time when Britain was still an integral part of the European continent.

A few minutes' examination with my pocket-lens is quite enough to assure me that the flower I have picked is truly the wood-spurge of

which I am in search. It is a queer, insignificant little plant, with funny cup-like green flowers, and odd jelly-bag glands, very much like most other English spurge; but I see at once on a closer examination that it has all the distinguishing marks of the hairy species—the woolly under-side to the leaves, the dotted seed-capsules, the loose umbels of blossom, and the long branched rays supporting the straggling flower-heads. I regard it, therefore, as a decided find; for the lane that bounds the Prior Park estate, and this bit of woodland on the summit of Claverton Down, are the only spots in England where this particular plant is now found. But that is not all. In itself, the fact of its rarity would not be enough to arouse any special interest; for there are many other wild flowers found in only one spot in Britain—sometimes garden kind escaped from cultivation in a suitable climate, sometimes American straylings, and sometimes high Alpine species requiring a particular granite, basalt, or limestone soil—a soil perhaps to be met with in our islands only on one or two scattered Welsh or Scottish hills of the requisite height. The case of the hairy spurge, however, is very different from any of these. It is a Southern European and Western Asiatic plant, and it spreads along the Mediterranean basin from the Caucasus to the Pyrenees; but it nowhere comes any nearer to Britain than the valley of the Loire. This is what gives it such a special interest in my eyes. It is not found in Brittany, it is not found in Normandy, it is not found on the opposite coast of Picardy, it is not found in Kent or Essex; but it suddenly reappears here, out of all reckoning, on Claverton Down.

If the case of the wood-spurge were a solitary one, it would be easy enough to give a ready explanation. The neighbourhood of Bath is known to be one of the warmest spots in England, having, in fact, its own hot water supply always laid on. This is a plant of warm countries. A bird, let us say, once brought over a single seed, clinging to its feet or feathers; an exotic flower, imported for the shrubberies of Prior Park, was packed in earth containing young spurge; a sailor introduced it by some chance; a botanist sowed it here for an experiment. Nay, perhaps a Roman settler at *Aquæ Solis* brought it over with the plants for his garden. In such or the like casual manner it got a footing on Claverton Down; and, as the climate suited it, it has gone on flourishing ever since. Here, I say, would be an easy explanation if the case of the hairy spurge were a solitary one; but, as a matter of fact, there are hundreds of cases exactly like it. It is quite a common occurrence to find a plant extend all through Europe from the Caucasus to the Pyrenees, then stop suddenly short, and turn up again once more incontinently in Devon, Cornwall, Kerry, and Connemara. This is such a curious fact that it really seems to call for some adequate explanation.

Let me begin by noting a few of the most striking instances. There is in the Bristol Channel a solitary rocky islet known by the old Scandinavian title of the Steep Holme—a name given to it, no doubt, by the wickings of the ninth century, who made it their headquarters for

plundering the chapmen and slavemongers of Briegstow. Now the rocky clefts of the Steep Holme are still crimson in May and June with the brilliant red blossoms of the wild pæony, a flower which does not elsewhere appear nearer to England than the Pyrenees. Some months since, when I had the pleasure of personally conducting the readers of the CORNHILL on a philological tour through the Lyme Regis district, we stopped for a few minutes at the pretty little village of Kilmington, near Axminster. Well, Kilmington Common is a place famous to botanists, because it is the one single station in Britain for a small purplish lobelia, which ranges elsewhere only from Andalusia to central France. Dozens of like cases may be noted in the south-western peninsula of England and the similarly situated corner of Wales about Pembrokeshire. Thus, to lump a long list briefly, the common blue monkshood is found wild in South Wales and the Cornish district only; the yellow draba is confined to old walls about Pennard Castle, near Swansea; the spotted rock-cistus occurs only in the Channel Islands and at Holyhead; the white rock-cistus is peculiar in Britain to Brent Downs in Somerset, together with Torquay and Babbicombe in Devon; the Cheddar pink, a volcanic plant of southern Europe, clings to the crannies of the Cheddar cliffs near Wells, and to no other crag in England; the soapwort is wild only in Cornwall and Devon; the flax-leaved St. John's wort grows nowhere but at Cape Cornwall and on the banks of the Teign; the crimson clover and Boccone's clover are entirely restricted to the peninsula of the Lizard; so also is the upright clover, save that it is likewise found in the Channel Islands; the sand bird's foot remains only at Scilly; the Bithynian vetch extends through Europe as far north as Bordeaux, and then disappears again till after a sudden leap it is gathered once more in Devon and Cornwall; the white sedum occurs in the Malvern hills and in Somersetshire; and the narrow buplever flowers only at Torquay and in Jersey and Guernsey. In almost all, if not in all, these cases the plant is a southern one, which extends usually from the Caspian to Spain, is perhaps found as far north as the Gironde or even the Loire, and then disappears again till it turns up suddenly in some exceptionally sheltered nook of Devon, Cornwall, or South Wales. This is a phenomenon which cannot surely be due to chance alone. Indeed, I might greatly increase the list, but I refrain only because I am afraid of being wearisome.

When we turn to the similarly placed south-western corner of Ireland, the peculiarities we meet with are even more remarkable. I shall never forget my surprise when once, after my first visit to Nice and Mentone, I began describing the beautiful Provençal flowers to an Irish botanist, and was quietly answered, "Ah, yes: we have them all at Killarney." But it is really true none the less. The thick-leaved sedum, after skipping all England and Wales, shows itself suddenly in the Cove of Cork. The pretty Mediterranean heath, which every winterer on the Riviera has gathered by handfuls on the hills about Cannes and Hyères, jumps at a

bound to the coast of Kerry. The arbutus, with its clustering white blossoms and beautiful red berries, is similarly found in Provence and again at Glengariff. London Pride grows wild in Portugal, western Spain, and the higher Pyrenees, and reappears in south-western Ireland. Another pretty little saxifrage jumps in like manner from the Asturias to Killarney. St. Dabeoc's heath has the same range. The spiked orchid takes a great bound from Bordeaux to a single station in County Galway. To sum it up shortly, "Crete, Auvergne, the Pyrenees, S.-W. Ireland," is a common technical description of the distribution of many south European plants.

Now, these peculiarities of distribution lead me up pretty surely to the romance of the hairy wood-spurge. They show that it did not get here by accident. Like the elephant-headed god of the Mexicans, like the debased traces of Buddhism in the Aztec religion, they raise an immediate curiosity as to their origin. What we may call the natural range of British plants is of this sort: they have entered the country from the Continent, *via* Kent, Sussex, East Anglia, or Scotland; and they fall for the most part under three great divisions. The first division consists of central European plants, which seem as if they had come in from the east: and of these a few get no further than the eastern counties; a great many spread over the whole country; and the remainder have reached to the west and to Ireland. The second division is that of the Scandinavian plants, which seem as if they had come in from the north; and of these a few stop short in Shetland, Orkney, or the Highlands; others get as far as the midland counties; and a good many straggle on into Kent or Cornwall. The third division comprises the mountain plants, which have come in from various quarters, and which grow wherever the elevation and the mountain air suit their constitutions. But my wood-spurge agrees with none of these, and it clearly belongs to another southern class, which cannot have entered Britain by any of the customary routes *via* Dover, Harwich, or Southampton. It seems to have taken a route of its own, and to have attacked England by way of Bristol and Bordeaux. Otherwise, we should find it and the other peculiar west-country species in the warmer parts of Kent, Surrey, and the Isle of Wight, which, as a matter of fact, we never do. If climate were the only agent at work, Ventnor certainly has as good claims as any place in England.

Perhaps it seems a useless question to inquire how they came there at all. "Were they not always there?" somebody may ask me. And the answer is, No, undoubtedly not. You might as well explain the presence of an English-speaking colony on Pitcairn Island by the hypothesis that Englishmen were originally created in two separate centres—Great Britain and the South Pacific. Only some 80,000 years since—a mere single swing of the cosmical pendulum—every inch of Great Britain and Ireland, save only an insignificant southern fringe, was wholly covered by the ice of the last glacial period. We know the date with mathe-



matical certainty, because the astronomical conditions upon which glacial periods have been shown almost beyond doubt to depend, began 200,000 years ago, and ended 80,000 years ago. During the interval between those two dates, the condition of each hemisphere alternated between long cold periods and long hot periods, of some 10,500 years each. During the last cold spell, all England and Ireland were in the condition of Greenland at the present day. The ice had planed every living thing clean off the face of the country, and we may still trace its scratches on the smooth granite bosses of Wales and Scotland, or find its till and its moraines on the plains and valleys of East Anglia and Derbyshire. Consequently the ancestors of every plant and every animal now living in Britain must have come into it after the end of the last long cold spell—that is to say, roughly speaking, some 80,000 years since.

Moreover, when Britain was repopled after the great ice age, it must have been united to the Continent somewhere, or else it could not possibly possess the large number of European plants and animals which it actually contains.\* Had it then been an island, it might have had a considerable population of ferns and small-seeded flowers, of birds and winged insects, blown over to it from the shores of France or Holland; it might even have had a fair sprinkling of snails and lizards, or a few small quadrupeds, wafted across on logs of wood, or carried over accidentally by various chances; but it would be quite impossible that it should have all the species of large or middle-sized wild mammals which we see now inhabiting it—the red deer, the fallow deer, the otter, the badger, the fox, the hare, the rabbit, the weasel, the stoat, the marten, the hedgehog, the wild cat, the mole, the shrew, the squirrel, and the water-vole. Altogether, we have still no less than forty species of British mammals; while the bear, the wild boar, the beaver, the reindeer, and the wolf have become extinct within the historical period; and the wild white cattle even now survive sparingly in Chillingham Park and a few other scattered places. Clearly, as none of these animals or their ancestors can have been in Britain 80,000 years ago, they must have come into Britain at some later date, across a wide bridge of solid land. For Mr. Wallace has conclusively shown that islands which have never formed part of a mainland never have any terrestrial mammals at all; and that a very narrow strait is quite sufficient to prevent the passage of mammals from one island to another. The sound which divides the Indo-Malayan region from the Australian region is hardly wider than that which separates England from France; yet not one single Australian mammal has ever reached the Indo-Malayan region, and not one single Indian mammal has ever reached Australia. The kangaroos, wombats, phalangers, and cassowaries of the one district are quite distinct in type from the elephants, tapirs, tigers,

\* I owe my acknowledgments in much that follows to Mr. A. R. Wallace's admirable work on *Island Life*.

deer, and monkeys of the other. So that our numerous existing English fauna must certainly have crossed over on dry land.

We may take it for granted, then, that the mass of British plants came in, as the animals came in, from the east and south-east, immediately after the ice of the glacial epoch had passed away. For the ice had driven man and beast, herb and tree, southward before it; and even if there was a little fringe of what is now Southern Britain not wholly glaciated, yet its condition must have been like that of the little habitable fringe in Greenland, and its plants and animals (if any) must have been of thoroughly Arctic types. But as the glaciers cleared away again, with the return of the sun to the northern hemisphere after its long cold cycle, the southern and eastern plants and animals must have followed the retreating ice-sheet from year to year; till at last the species which used to inhabit Kent and the Isle of Wight found their permanent home in Lapland, and those which used to inhabit Greece and Italy found their permanent home in Holland, Denmark, and Great Britain.

This sufficiently accounts for the presence in England and Scotland of the central European and Scandinavian elements; but it does not account for the presence of my hairy spurge and of all the other south-western species, belonging to the Pyrenean and Italian region. Clearly, the ordinary plants of Eastern England are plants which once spread uninterruptedly from Warwickshire to Central Europe, when the belt of land over the German Ocean was still entire; and clearly, too, the ordinary plants of the North and of Scotland are plants which once spread uninterruptedly from Yorkshire to Scandinavia, during the same period; while both classes have been afterwards isolated in Britain by the gradual subsidence of the intervening land. But this still leaves unanswered the question, Whence did we get the Pyrenean types?

Perhaps one might be disposed at first sight to fancy that they came over separately, as we know a few American plants have really done. There is the well-known Canadian canal weed, which was introduced by a botanist into a tank near Cambridge in 1845, and rapidly spread over all England; there are a few orchids and other wild flowers which have apparently been carried across the Atlantic on the feet of birds; and there are some half-dozen escaped garden flowers, like the evening primrose, which have established themselves easily in our congenial climate. Possibly it might seem as though the arbutus, the hairy spurge, the Mediterranean heath, and all the rest of the southern species in South-Western England or Ireland had got across to us in somewhat the same fragmentary fashion, and had succeeded in effecting a foothold only in these warmer Cornish and Irish nooks. But there are a great many reasons against believing this. In the first place, we have the immense number to account for—at least ninety species, all told; which is a prodigious item to set down to the chapter of accidents. For the distance from Bordeaux to Kerry is really 700 miles, while the distance from Portugal to the Azores (which are peopled with plants and animals in the most

fragmentary manner) is only 900; and we can hardly suppose that so large a number of southern plants could permanently establish themselves (against the prevailing winds) in a country already occupied by a flourishing native flora. But two more fatal objections are these: First, our southern plants are only found in the extreme south-west, and not in the warmest parts of the Isle of Wight, of Kent, or of Hampshire. Even at Bournemouth and Ventnor we meet with none of them. And secondly, they are all evidently dying out; they represent an old flora which is no longer adapted to the country, not a new flora pushing its way vigorously into regions occupied by less congenial plants. Every year they are disappearing before our very eyes, and many of them are from time to time now being expunged from our floras. The Kilmington lobelia is getting rarer as every summer passes; the wild asparagus, once common on the Lizard promontory, is now only to be picked, at the imminent risk of life and limb, amongst the crannies of a rocky islet at Kynance Cove; the purple viper's-bugloss has been driven to the very extremity of Britain at Penzance; while the various kinds of rock-cistus, the Steep Holme pæony, and the Cheddar pink linger on each only in a single inaccessible spot in the south-western peninsula of England. These are clear evidences that they form the last stragglers of a vanquished flora, not the vanguard of a victorious and aggressive race.

And now we are in a position fairly to settle the problem where the hairy spurge and its fellows have come from, and how they got here. People who recognise the fact that Britain was once joined to the Continent are too apt to fancy that it was joined only by a sort of narrow bridge between Dover and Calais. The aspect of the shore on either side, the high bluffs of Shakespeare's Cliff and Cap Grisnez, the geological continuity between the chalk and the other formations on the two coasts, all forcibly suggest the notion that France and England must once have been joined there—as, indeed, they undoubtedly were. But we are all inclined mentally to minimise the amount of connection; we stick in an isthmus just sufficient to carry the South-Eastern Railway across to Boulogne, and then we are fully satisfied with our new geography. In reality, however, the old land connection was something far more complete and universal than that. There is every reason to believe that, at the close of the last glacial epoch, Great Britain and Ireland formed a part of the Continent, not in the sense in which Scandinavia or Denmark still does, but in the sense in which Bavaria and Switzerland still do. The land of Europe then stretched out to seaward far beyond Ireland, Spain, and the Farøe Islands; and Cork, Glasgow, and Liverpool then stood further inland than Lyons, Munich, and Geneva stand at the present day.

Walking one morning last winter—a day or so after the terrible Tuesday—on the Parade at Hastings, I happened to notice a curiously shaped flint among the shingle just thrown up by the great storm. The waves had beaten right over the sea-wall, and scattered wrack and pebbles along the whole roadway. I stooped down and picked up the

odd-looking fragment ; to my surprise, I found it was a palæolithic implement, a rudely chipped flint knife of the older stone age, the relic of a race compared with whom even the builders of Wansdyke here were men of yesterday. This rude flake was fashioned by the naked black-fellows who hunted the rhinoceros and the mammoth in the English valleys, before ever the great ice age itself had spread its glaciers over the length and breadth of the land, a couple of hundred thousand years since. Its outer surface was dulled and whitened by age, as is always the case with these primæval flint weapons ; but its edge was still sharp and keen, though crusted in places with a hard film of mineral deposit, and also blunted here and there by use in cutting clubs and reindeer bones for its savage possessor. But there were no traces of rolling as in water-worn pebbles : the knife was freshly disinterred. It was clear that the storm had just unearthed it from beneath the submerged forest which belts all the coast from Beachy Head to Dungeness. For the forest is a post-glacial deposit ; and it once formed part of this great connecting land, now buried beneath the Atlantic, the English Channel, and the German Ocean. The trees which compose it still stand as upright stumps, firmly bedded in a layer of tenacious clay ; and strewn beneath them lie prostrate boles, in the very places where the wind threw them down some fifty or sixty thousand years ago. In the public garden at Hastings, one of these huge barks, dug up on the St. Leonard's beach, has been fixed as a curiosity ; and, though its outer layer is charred and blackened by the water, the inner wood is still as sound and as firm as on the day it fell. For we have to deal here with a time which is marvellously ancient indeed when measured by our ordinary human and historical chronology, but which is quite modern when judged by the vast timepiece of cosmical and geological cycles.

All round the coast of England you will find endless traces of these submerged forests, especially wherever the land shelves off slowly to seaward. That most lively of mediæval travellers, Giraldus Cambrensis (whose amusing and somewhat slangy diary would be much more read, I am sure, if people did not incongruously mistake him for a dry chronicler of the monastic sort) gives a full and really scientific account of one which he came across in the course of his Welsh peregrinations ; and ever since his time the submerged forests have been noted in spot after spot in every part of Southern Britain. Beginning in the great bight between Wales and Scotland, they continue round the coast at Holyhead ; turn up again in Cardigan Bay ; fringe the whole Bristol Channel ; fill in the bottom of the fiords at Falmouth, Dartmouth, Torquay, and Exmouth ; trend round the Isle of Wight, Selsea, and Pevensey Bay ; appear sparingly off the Essex coast ; and thence run up by Cromer and the Wash to Holderness and Lindisfarne. They are everywhere newer than the glacial deposits, and so they give us a fair ground for believing that a great general subsidence of the land has taken place all round the shore of England at a comparatively recent period—that is to say, since the

close of the last glacial epoch. How recent they are is well shown by the nature of the remains themselves; for they often contain undecayed leaves, water-logged hazel-nuts, bits of small twigs, and other forestine rubbish of a perfectly fresh and modern-looking character. Some of the twigs even break with a sharp crackling sound, like dry wood taken from a modern forest.

The question now remains, if the land once thus extended further out to sea than at present, how far out did it extend? or, in other words, how large a subsidence has taken place? Here we have an excellent hint for our guidance in the fact that Ireland must have been united to England since the glacial epoch, because we find in Ireland a large proportion of the British plants and animals, including a considerable number of land mammals. Now, how much must we raise the general land surface of the British Isles in order to unite Ireland to Great Britain? Well, a rise of less than one hundred fathoms would suffice to join the whole of our islands throughout nearly all their length, leaving only two large lakes in the very deepest parts of the sea, where the plummet marks a depth of a hundred and fifty fathoms. One of these two large lakes would lie between Galloway and Ulster, and the other would fill up the hollow of the Minch between the Hebrides and the Isle of Skye. But the same amount of elevation would also suffice to unite us to the Continent from Denmark to Spain, as well as to push out our whole coast-line about fifty miles to the westward of Cape Clear. Beyond that distance the sea-bottom suddenly topples over from a general depth of a hundred fathoms to a depth of a thousand fathoms or more; which clearly shows that this line, curving round from Shetland to the Spanish shore of the Asturias, must mark an old and long-continued prehistoric land-barrier. In other words, the British Isles are situated on a comparatively shallow submarine bank, which spreads north, south, and east of them, but ends abruptly to the westward by a sudden drop of eight or nine hundred fathoms. If you were now to raise this bank a hundred fathoms in height, you would lift its whole area above the sea-level, save only in the two hollows already noted; but if you went on raising it for several hundred fathoms more, you would not materially alter the coast-line established by your first elevation. So we can hardly doubt that the hundred-fathom line really represents the old western boundary of Europe towards the Atlantic, because it coincides so nearly in depth with the elevation necessary to unite England and Ireland to one another, and to the Continent.

Only one element of our problem now remains to be solved; and that is the question—When did the subsidence take place which turned the dry land all round Britain into the beds of the English Channel, the German Ocean, and the Irish Sea? To this question I am deferentially inclined to give a somewhat different answer from that of most of our authorities. As a rule, it seems to be implied that the subsidence was a single act, spread indeed over a considerable length of time, but com-

pleted once for all, and never since renewed. It appears to me more probable, however, that the subsidence has been going on more or less ever since the age of the submerged forests, and that it still continues in places over the same area. Mr. Wallace has already pointed out that Ireland was probably separated from the mainland sooner than England, because it has fewer native mammals and hardly any reptiles or amphibians. The happy immunity from toads and serpents which is generally attributed to the pious exertions of St. Patrick, may perhaps rather be set down to the early isolation of Ireland from the mainland shortly after the end of the great ice age, and before all the members of the new European fauna had had time to spread equally over the more outlying portions of the yet undivided continent. But there are other indications of subsequent partial submergence elsewhere. Many facts lead to the belief that the Bristol Channel was still a plain through which the Severn flowed quietly to the sea long after the final insulation of Ireland and the Hebrides. Tourists driving from Barmouth to Port Madoc have looked down from the picturesque escarpment of Harlech Castle upon a narrow belt of plain between the mountains and the sea, and have been told how the Lowland Hundred once stretched outward from this point across Cardigan Bay as far as Sarn Badrig or St. Patrick's Causeway, a rocky reef which whitens the sea into a long line of breakers in the middle distance. Welsh legends, immortalised by Peacock's delicious satire, tell us how the hundred was submerged by an inundation; and the tradition as to this subsidence is almost certainly correct. There is some ground for believing that the Isle of Wight was still united at ebb tide to the mainland of Hampshire by a sandy isthmus, when the Romans built their villas at Brading; and we know that even as late as the days when Hengest and Horsa launched their mythical long ships for the conquest of Kent, the Zuyder Zee was yet undoubtedly an inland lake, separated from the German Ocean by a long belt of land now almost entirely submerged, save in the solitary line of islands which preserves the outline of its northern shore. Nay, even in our own time, the southern part of Sweden is slowly sinking by inches beneath the level of the Baltic. Hence I am strongly inclined to suspect that the submergence of this western land was a work of time, and that no particular date can be assigned to it as a whole.

Now, when a continuous belt of lowland stretched round from Spain to Ireland and the Shetlands, we can easily understand that the warm type of south European plants would run northward along its western shore as far as the climatic conditions permitted. But the climate on all the west coast of northern Europe is exceptionally mild and moist, through the agency of the Gulf Stream and the warm westerly breezes which blow across it. Hence it is not surprising that the Mediterranean heath, the strawberry tree, the pæony, the hairy spurge, and all the other southern plants which I have before scheduled, should have ranged all along the Atlantic shore of Europe, past the Pyrenees and



the Asturias, up the bend a hundred and fifty miles west of the Land's End, and so onward to Kerry and Connemara. Dr. James Geikie has recently shown good reasons for believing that the last glacial epoch was immediately succeeded by a short spell—say a thousand years or so—of very sunny and genial conditions in northern Europe; and while these favourable conditions lasted we can readily understand that the southern flora may even have extended along the sheltered belt beneath the mountain-ranges of Ireland and Scotland as far northward as Bute and Arran, where some few of its hardier representatives are actually still preserved. Meanwhile, the eastern level slope of what is now England, together with Holland and the intervening land which then filled up the basin of the German Ocean, must have had an inland continental climate, exposed to the full rigour of the north-east winds, and unmitigated by the warmth and moisture now diffused over it by the sea and its currents. In short, the condition of that great tableland must have been much like the condition of Central Russia at the present day, aggravated perhaps by an extra elevation to some hundreds of feet above its existing level. Here, then, the flora must have been of the central European and Scandinavian type; while west of the great central range of England, the trees and flowers must in the main have resembled those which we now find among the nooks of the Apennines and the Genoese Riviera.

By-and-by, however, the earth's crust began to sink in western Europe, as it is sinking now in Scania and the bed of the southern Baltic. Slowly the great Atlantic plain disappeared below the waters, leaving only the mountain-tops and higher plateaus as islands above the sea-level. First the two lateral valleys of the old lake-system were flooded, cutting off Ireland and the western Hebrides as two large and compact islands, considerably bigger than they now remain at the present day. Then, doubtless, the North Sea and the Channel were overflowed, leaving only a narrow neck of chalk downs as a connecting link between Kent and Picardy, which the waves gradually beat down and at last destroyed. The cliffs of Dover and Cap Blancnez, of Beachy Head and Dieppe, now mark its limits. Still the Bristol Channel remained an open valley, and Scilly was united to the Cornish peninsula. Next, Scilly and the Channel Islands went; while the Hebrides and the western coast of Scotland broke up into a number of separate islets, only the granite crests of the higher mountain-ranges now overtopping the water in long lines, while the lateral valleys became the straits which separate the various members of the different archipelagos from their nearest neighbours. Any one who has once yachted down the broken ridge of the Outer Hebrides cannot fail to have noticed that they seem but the summits of a vast sunken range, jagged and beaten at the outer edge by the ceaseless dash of the Atlantic. Last of all, apparently, went Anglesey, Wight, and the coastwise eyots, as well as the Bristol Channel. On the protected eastern shore of Britain generally, the low



slopes have survived well enough, and patches of shingle and sand, like the Dogger Bank, still mark the position of the higher sunken lands; but on the west and north the open Atlantic has eaten away all but the most sheltered plains, and cut its way at all exposed points into the heart of the hills, giving rise to the magnificent cliff scenery of Cornwall, Kerry, and the western Highlands. If you stand upon the shore of Coboe Bay in Guernsey, and look at low tide across the vast floor of jagged and water-fretted granite rocks which line its bottom, you will see with what force the waves have wormed their way over all the lowland; and they will only halt when they have planed down the whole of the island, as they have already planed down the lesser land which once stretched out to northward beyond the solitary pinnacles of the Casquets.

When all these changes had taken place, the stray members of the southern flora in Cornwall, Devon, Kerry, and Connemara would find themselves quite cut off from their fellows in the Mediterranean, the Pyrenees, and the Asturias. For the [water has eaten away almost all the plain of the Bay of Biscay, save only a comparatively insignificant angle between the Loire, the mountains of Auvergne, and the roots of the Pyrenees; and it has left the high and bleak granitic moorland of Brittany jutting out alone into the western sea. But Brittany looks northward, and is open only to the chilliest winds; while its fair share of the Gulf Stream is diverted by currents due to the lay of the land in Cornwall. Moreover, the great bight of Biscay distracts and upsets the old run of the water, so that the whole shore of France from the Garonne northward is really colder and less equable in temperature than Cornwall and Kerry, or even than the average of our own western and southern coast. The Vendée is a chilly marshland; Bretagne Bretonnannte is a high and wind-swept heath. On the other hand, our extreme southwestern peninsulas and islands are bathed on every side by the warm water of the Gulf Stream, and so possess an unusually mild, damp, and equable climate. Every one has heard of the semi-tropical vegetation of palms and aloes which flourishes in the open air at Tresco Abbey in the Scilly Isles. Here, then, we have exactly the conditions under which the southern plants, though beaten back to the very base of the hills, might still manage to keep up a precarious existence in a few scattered and sheltered nooks. And that is exactly what they have done. Separated from all the rest of their kind, exposed to occasional hard winters or heavy frosts, and slowly dying out under our very eyes, they have yet left here and there a few isolated descendants to tell the story of their origin and their failure. Curiously enough, these little lingering colonies of Mediterranean plants exist only on the southern and western slopes, among the cliffs and combs and bays which face and overlook the submerged lands whence their ancestors were driven by the advancing sea. So oddly do they confine themselves to the islands and the most insular peninsulas that their geographical distribution almost looks like a preconcerted arrangement.

Thus we may observe once more that one little islet of the Bristol Channel alone preserves the red pæony. Holyhead Island has half-a-dozen rare species. The Jersey centaury, Pelisser's linaria, and several other southern flowers, have died out everywhere save in the Channel Islands. Scilly shares with them in the sand bird's foot. The Irish Arran and other Irish islands have many peculiar species; and a few southern types even reach Bute and the western Highlands; for, as every one knows, Rothesay has a climate almost as warm as Torquay. So, too, with the peninsulas. The Lizard, with the most equable temperature on the English coast, is a perfect mine of wealth to the botanist. It has three peculiar southern clovers, and lots of other rarities. Penzance, at the very horn of Cornwall, has five or six specialities. The position of Kerry gives it a climate like that of Finisterre, with the appropriate flora. Wild madder belongs only to a few headlands of Pembrokeshire, the Damnonian peninsula, and the south-west of Ireland. Torquay, on the promontory of Hope's Nose, shares a southern buplever with the Channel Islands. Babbicombe has a species almost to itself. Corfe Castle, in the so-called Isle of Purbeck in Dorset, divides a Spanish heather with Cornwall and the West of Ireland. One kind of rest-harrow, after getting up from the Pyrenees as far as the Channel Islands, then positively takes a second spring to the Mull of Galloway. As to the number of Mediterranean plants which are found in Britain only in Devon and Cornwall, or in Kerry and Connemara, or in both, I spare you the recital of them. Even the more inland and moorland types, which each survive on one high common alone, answer to the same law; for they occur on the warmest moors, in the neighbourhood of the sunniest south-western slopes. Thus the Cheddar pink grows in a single basking hollow heated by radiation from two great walls of limestone rock upon the western flanks of Mendip; the purple lobelia loiters on a bright upland near the warm valley of the Devonshire Axe; the white sedum struggles on upon the edge of Malvern; and my hairy wood-spurge here battles hard for life on Claverton Down, close to the steaming basin of the old Roman Thermæ at Bath.

And so I end where I began. My sermon has led me far afield; but, like a good preacher, I have come back to my text. I have only touched lightly upon the simplest and least technical proofs; but when the whole evidence is put together—as I do not pretend to put it together off-hand, sitting here cross-legged on the edge of Wansdyke—there can be very little reasonable doubt that this is something like the way in which the hairy wood-spurge first found its way to Prior Park Lane. So I have gathered my little morsel tenderly and carefully, not injuring the plant more than I can help by my clumsiness; and I hope all future botanisers will do the same, in order to aid in preserving and handing down to after ages this interesting fragment of old English history, kept green and vital for us all in the tiny blossom of a wayside weed.

G. A.

## Among the Dictionaries.

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TIME was, in literature, when there were no Dictionaries. Of course. Letters had their small diffusion, *vidē voce*. The few Sauls, for all the generations, could ask the fewer Gamaliels, on the quick moment, for the short interpretation that should make passages in their ornamented or antiquated disquisitions clear; and there was no need for more. By the lip, could be solved the mystery coming from the lip; for within the portico, in the cloister, under the shade there on the hill, the master sat in the midst of his pupils, and the lip was near.

It ended, this. Pupils, when knowledge was called for in distant parts, had to be dispersed. Each stood solitary then, or nearly solitary, separated from the schools whence scholarly help could be drawn. Yet each stood facing a crowd grouped round him to be taught; and each, at some word, at some clause, at some peroration, at some pregnant cornerstone of an argument he was burning to launch straight home, found the text of his parchment a pit, or a stumbling-block, hindering him. The treasured MS. was of his own copying, nearly for a certainty. That did not affect the case. As he read from it—spread on his knee, perhaps, a scroll; laid open upon a desk, leaved, and laboriously and delicately margined, and stitched and covered and clasped into the form of a goodly book—he had to expound its learned method so that it should touch the simple; or, bewildering him sadly, he had to turn its words from the Greek, from the Hebrew, from any master-tongue, into the language, even the dialect, familiar to his audience—a language often harshly unfamiliar to himself—and the right way to do this would again and again refuse to come to him, and his message failed. There was the pity of it; there was the grief. It could not be allowed to abide. And at last there occurred to him the remedy. In his quiet hours, his flock away, he would pore over his MS. afresh. It might be Missal, it might be Commentary, Treatise, Diatribe, Epic Poem, Homily, Holy Writ—the same plan would be efficacious for each one. After beating out the meaning of the crabbed, the Oriental, characters—of the painstaking, level, faultless Gothic letter—he would write this meaning, this exposition, this *gloss*, above each word, each phrasing, that had given him trouble; and then, thenceforth, and for ever, such gloss would be there to see and to use, and every difficulty would have been made, magically, to disappear. Good. The goodness must be manifest at once. Only there is a fact remaining, requiring acute indication. At the very first word the very first of these conscientious old-world scholars thus glossed or explained,

the seed was sown of the new-world Dictionaries ; and there has been no stop to the growth of this seed till the tree from it has spread its thick and wide branches as far as they have spread, and are still spreading, in this very to-day.

Perhaps this may seem remote? Short work will be enough to show how it was done. Pupils, or call them young or less-instructed associates, of a master, had again, and after a lapse of time in greater numbers, to be dispersed. After the lapse of time, also, MSS. were ordered to be executed for royal and other wealthy readers, too much engrossed by state and duties to be able to keep to the set places and hours of a class. As for the young associates, they would have read from their master's glossed MSS. during their pupilage, had they had to take their duties whilst they were absent, whilst they were ill. As for the newly-finished MSS., it would have been destruction to their cherished neatness, to their skilled beauty, to have defaced them with glosses here and there, as glosses were, in patches, and generally, for greater conspicuousness, written in red letters. Glossed words were written in a list apart, then ; becoming, in this way, companion to the student, enlightenment to the MS., and enlightenment almost as handy as if it had been delivered from the tongue. Particular exposition of a particular master came to be especially demanded, too ; from veneration, for comparison, to settle a dispute, for the mere admiration and interest of seeing what another man had done. Such exposition was, perforce, on a separate list. Such expositions, moreover—coming as they did, one perhaps from a scholar at Rhegium, one from Nysa, one from Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople, Rhodes—could be readily perceived to possess colour from the temperament, from the circumstances, of the writer ; and it followed, as a simple consequence, that two or more should be set out, methodically, side by side. Here, then, was the form of a dictionary ; the germ of it, its manner. Here a word stood, with a series of interpretations to it ; the whole to be read at one consulting, and giving employment to the critical faculty of rejection or approval. For, this duplication, this triplication, this multiplication, as it grew to be, had its own excellent relish, and the very relish suggested something more. There would have been the word *exilis*, put it. One teacher would recommend it to be rendered *thin* (of course, the equivalent to these shades of thought, according to the tongue being used and elucidated) ; another teacher, of wider thought, would expound it *mean* ; another, living amidst bleak rocks, perhaps, and these helping his asceticism, would set down *barren* ; another, applying the thinness and tenuity to some musical sounds remaining in his memory, would write it *shrill*, *treble*. To say this, is but to say how language itself accumulated, and had expansion. Yet it suggests the mode. It points out how, when each word had such various glosses put to it, richness could not fail to arise ; and diversity, and discrimination, with greater or less delicacy of expression ; and how glosses being born—or, christen them with that longer name of glossaries—were never likely to be let to die.

There has to be recollection, however, that, as these glossaries were limited to gleanings from one MS., or to gleanings from various copies of that same one MS., according to what, of fresh interpretation, each separate owner had glossed, so they were limited to explaining one author; or to explaining such limited portion of one author as one MS. contained. Thus one glossary would elucidate a Gospel; one, a set of Epistles; one, a Prophet; one, Virgil, Horace, Homer, Euripides. The Epinal Gloss is an existing example, luckily for the literary world, of such an accumulation. In MS. still, it is still, by the religious treasuring it has had at Epinal, precisely as it was at its compilation 1,200 years ago (in the course now, however, of being printed here, lent by the French Government for that purpose); and it is testimony, teeming with interest, of how far Dictionary-life, in its day, had advanced. Progressing still, there was the Latin *Glossary* of Varro, dedicated to his contemporary Cicero. There was the *Lexicon* of Apollonius the Sophist, in the first century, elucidating the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. There was the *Onomasticon* of Pollux; Pollux, instructor to the Emperor Commodus, having produced this, a Greek Vocabulary, expressly for his imperial pupil's use. There was the *Lexicon* of Harpocration, in the fourth century, relating only to the Ten Orators of Greece. There was the valuable work of Hesychius of Alexandria. There was the *Glossary* of Photius, written in the ninth century: all of these having been printed at Venice and kindred places, after centuries of chrysalis-life in MS., almost as soon as printing was available; and this particular Photian *Glossary* having been re-edited here by Porson, and even called for, after Porson's death, later still, viz. in 1822. There was the *Lexicon* of Suidas, collected by him in the tenth century, and printed at Milan in 1499; remarkable for the plan, first used in it, of giving extracts from the poets and historians it explained to explain them better, and for thus widening considerably the already widening field of the lexicographical art: There was the Dictionary, in the thirteenth century, of John Balbus, called John of Genoa; a Latin work extending to 700 pages folio, that has further notability from having been the first in type, Gutenberg himself having printed it at Mayence, in 1460. There was the Dictionary, printed at Vicenza in 1483, of Johannes Crestonus, in Greek and Latin; both, also, a development. There was the Latin Dictionary of Calepino, first printed at Reggio in 1502, and enjoying, like the Greek Dictionary of Photius, continued re-editing down to the present century. But the expansion of the gloss-seed, as shown in all these instances, having reached the point at which there was recognition of the fact that the search for words was a distinct branch of letters, worthy of a special hand possessing special scholarly attainments, the period of English Dictionaries has been touched, and the subject must have treatment assuming different proportions.

It will have been understood—up to this point, of course—that the aim of all the early word-works that have been enumerated was merely to give explanations of rare words, difficult words; words known, shortly,

as "hard." This continued. English lexicographers, at this outset of their career, and for centuries, did not go beyond. They grew very pleasant, they were quaint, they were concentrated, they were rambling, delightful, either way; and, they shall be their own exemplification.

The *Promptorium Parvulorum* heads the list; the *Little Expeditor*, or the *Little Discloser*, as it might (very freely) be translated. Alas, that it should be so small! That "hard" words were so scant then, it has such few pages that they can be run through in a moderate reading. Its style is to go from A to Z alphabetically, but to have its nouns in one list, its verbs in another; to give nothing but these nouns and verbs; and, being written in English first to help English students to Latin, it has no complementary half for those who, having a Latin word, want to turn it into English. "Gredynesse of mete," it says, "Aviditas. Gredynesse in askynge, Procacitas. Fadyr and modyr yn one worde, Parens. False and deceyvable and yvel menynge, Versutis, Versipellis. Golet or Throte, Guttar, Gluma, Gola. Clepyn or Callyn, Voco." Its date is 1440, about; it was written by a Norfolk man (as the preface tells); Richard Francis, think some; Galfridus Grammaticus, as is conjectured by others; it was first printed in 1499, appeared three or four times again when 1500 was just turned, and has had a careful reprint recently by the Camden Society, under the capable editing of Mr. Albert Way. Immediately succeeded, this, by the *Catholicon Anglicum*, dated 1483, but never in print till the Early English Text Society was granted the privilege of publishing it a very few years ago; by the *Medulla Grammaticæ*; by the *Ortus Vocabulorum* based upon it, and printed in 1500 (these being Latin); by Palsgrave's *Lesclaircissement de la Langue Francoyse*, printed in 1530; by Wyllyam Salesbury's Dictionary in Englyshe and Welshe, printed in 1547; there came the English Dictionary proper of Richard Huloet, that first went to the press in 1552. The edition of this by John Higgins, printed a few years later, is a volume that is beautiful even by the standard of to-day. It is folio; generously thick; perfect in its neatness; its double columns are regularly arranged, with the headings B ante A, B ante E (the fair forerunner of the present mode BAB, BAC, &c.); and, intended to give English and Latin and French, it puts the English in black letter, the Latin in Roman, the French in italics; unless, indeed, the French is evidently not in Richard Huloet's knowledge, when Huloet calmly omits it altogether. Here is his manner:—

Apple, called Apple John, or Saint John's Apple, or a sweting, or an apple of paradise. Malum, musteum, Melinelum, quod minimum durat celeriter-que mitescit. Pomme de paradis.

Here again:—

Pickers, or thieves that go by into chambers, making as though they sought something. Diatarii. Ulpian. Larrons qui montent jusques aux chambres, faisant semblant de chercher quelque chose.

"For the better attayning of the knowledge of words," says this good



Richard Huloet, "I went not to the common Dictionaries only, but also to the authors themselves. . . . and finally, I wrate not in the whole booke one quyre without perusing and conference of many authors. . . . Wherefore, gentle reader, accept my paynes as thou wouldest others should (in like case) accept thine."

The *Manipulus Vocabulorum*, written by Peter Levens in 1570, printed then, by Henrie Bynneman, in 77 leaves quarto, and reprinted, a few years since, under the careful supervision of Mr. H. B. Wheatley, appeals quite as prettily to have its claims considered. "Some will say," writes Peter Levens, "that it is a superfluous and unnecessary labour to set forth this Dictionarie, for so much as Maister Huloet hath sette forth the so worthie a worke of the same kinde already. But . . . his is great and costly, this is little and of light price; his for greter students and them that are richable to have it, this for beginners and them that are pooreable to have no better; his is ful of phrases and sentences fit for them that use oration and oratorie, this is onely stuffed full of words." And there the words are: in English first, in Latin after; in double columns; and the English to rhyme, "for Scholers as use to write in English Méetre," thus:—Bande, Brande, Hande, Lande, Sande, Strande, &c., with the Latin for each at the side. Over the errata at the end Peter Levins writes, "Gentle Reader, amende these fautes escaped;" and the only wish to the modern reader is that there was more matter to read, even if it enforced the amendment of fautes indeed.

Contemporary with this, was a *Shorte Dictionarie in Latin and English verie profitable for yong Beginners*, by J. Withals. It is a charming-looking little book, octavo, only half an inch thick, light and supple as a pocket-book, with its matter in double columns, the English first, and the "catch-words" of this still in black letter. Wynkyn de Worde printed it in its early editions, and it was printed again and again by others, down to 1599. *A Little Dictionarie for Children*, says J. Withals, as a running title all along the pages of it; but he gives the puzzled little Elizabethan children no alphabet to guide them, and only divides his articles into what appears to him to be subjects. "The Times," he says, as a promising heading to one of these; then under it he puts such odd times as "A meete tyme, To sit a sunning, A field beginning to spring, A field beginning to wax greene," and so forth. In *Certaine Phrases for Children to use in familiar speeche*, J. Withals is as quaint to the very end. "Away and be hanged!" he puts ready for his little Tudor schoolboys, rendering it "Abi hinc in malam rem." And, "I am scarselye mine owne man," "Vix sum apud me." "*Evans*. What is *fair*, William? *Will*. Pulcher. *Evans*. What is *lapis*, William? *Will*. A stone. *Evans*. That is good, William." So it is; and in J. Withals may be seen the very manner of the acquisition of it.

John Baret, in 1573, most fitly joins and ornaments this group. The VOL. XLIII.—NO. 258.



title of his Dictionary is *An Alvearie* (a beehive); and he, in a manner, sets out the development of the Gloss, even from the area of his own experience. "About eyghteene years agone," he writes, "having pupils at Cambridge studious of the Latin tongue," they "perceyving what great trouble it was to come running to mee for every word they missed . . . . I appoynted them . . . . every day to write English before ye Latin, and likewise to gather a number of fine phrases out of Cicero, Terence, Cæsar, Livie, &c., and to set them under severall tytles, for the more ready finding them againe at their neede . . . ." when as "within a yeare or two they had gathered together a great volume," he called them his diligent bees, and their great volume an alvearie. It is curious, this, as being plain, though not unexpected, witness. So, also, does John Baret throw other curious light, and mark some progress. "A Goast" shows his method. Thus:—

A Goast, an image in man's imaginatio<sup>n</sup>. Spectrum, tri, n.g., Cic. Phantasme, vision. La semblence des choses que nostre pensee ha conceue;

in the Latin part of which there will be noted the first appearance of a declension and an authority. This attractive work began by being a triple Dictionary—English, Latin, French; and in later editions grew to a quadruple Dictionary, with Greek added. The French, however, as with Richard Huloet, is omitted again and again; and "as for Greeke," says John Baret himself, "I coulede not ioyne it with every Latin word, for lacke of fit Greeke letters, the printer not having leasure to provide the same!" And it is a confession far too pretty not to have this small resuscitation.

By these examples, French, Latin, Greek are proved to have been imperative to the home-life of (educated) mediævals; and "neat Italy"—for all that Rome, the heart of it, was somewhat out of favour—was not to be unrepresented by the Dictionary-makers under Elizabeth. John Florio, who was English except by extraction, who was teacher of French and Italian at Oxford, and, on the accession of James the First, appointed tutor to the poor Prince Henry, his son, published an Italian and English Dictionary in 1598. Italian first, he put, and put no more; but within ten years, Giovanni Torriano, a fellow-teacher and an Italian, in London, seeing (it may be supposed) the value of Baret's Latin and French and Greek lists—cumbrous and inefficient as they were—provided Florio's book with a second and better half, viz. English words first and Italian after, in the present full manner; thus bringing bi-lingual Dictionaries up to a standard from which, to be complete, there could be no departing any more.

"Lettero di scatola," says John Florio; letting him speak for himself, "or Lettere di spetiale, great letters, text characters, such as in Apothecaries shops are written on their boxes that every man may read them afar off, and know what they contain: Used by Metaphor for To speak plainly, without fear." Also, John Florio gives column

after column of Italian proverbs, of which here are two, both touching his craft :—

*Le parole non s'infilzano*—Words do not thriddle themselves.

*I fatti son maschi, le parole son femine*—Deeds are masculine, words are women.

A splendid volume by Cotgrave, a French and English Dictionary, folio, clean, exact, of most accurate printing, advanced to the three index-letters at the head of each column, in the perfect form of to-day, was published in 1611. "A Bundle of Words," Cotgrave calls it, in a fatherly, fondling way, when asking Lord Burleigh, in his preface, to look upon it with favour. And he puts his errata at the very beginning, before ever he opens his bundle, because "I (who am no God, or Angel) have caused such overslips as have yet occurred to mine eye or understanding, to be placed neere the forehead of this Verball Creature." The novelty in this "Verball Creature," or the stride made by it, is the Grammar appended, with the French verbs conjugated in the manner still used to-day. *Aller*, says Cotgrave, in a mode bald enough; but his English explanation of the word is a glory. It says, "To goe, walke, wend, march, pace, tread, proceed, journey, travell, depart," with forty or fifty picturesque illustrations, such as "Aller à S. Bezet, To rest in no place, continually to trot, gad, wander up and down;" such as "Tout le monde s'en va à la moustarde—"Tis common vulgar, Divulged all the world over (said of a booke), Wast paper is made of it, Mustard pots are stoppled with it (so much the world esteems it)." This is a small sample, but it shows, amply, that the "Verball Creature" it is pulled from is a "Bundle of Words" that would bear much more unpacking and much more close overhauling.

Another genuine English Dictionary must be taken from the shelf now. It could scarcely present itself in more enticing guise. It is smaller even than Withals' Latin and English Dictionary was; it is thinner, narrower, more supple, more suited still to be one number of a Portable Library, and the one never likely to be left behind. Being English explaining English, this diminutive size seems curious—until there is consideration. It is that "hard" English words, even in this day of John Bullokar, the author, were still few; that John Bullokar's columns and pages were consequently few, to match. "I open the significations of such words to the capacite of the ignorant," he writes, writing from "my house at Chicester in Sussex, this 17 day of October, 1616." "It is familiar among best writers to usurp strange words" now; yet "I suppose withall their desire is that they should also be understoode, which I . . . have endeavoured by this Booke, though not exquisitely, . . . to perform." Yet it is exquisitely performed. "A Girl," says the performer—in proof of his exquisiteness—"a Roe Bucke of two yeares"—for he is far too earnest in his desire for consistency to put any explanation to Girl except that which is very "hard" indeed. "Have a care," he says, too, warningly (and warningly, without

a suspicion of it), "to search every word according to the true Orthography thereof; as for Phœnix in the letter P, not F; for Hypostatically in Hy, not in Hi." And he gives a note of Natural History (amidst some scores) that must be turned to before his pages are closed and he is laid aside. A Crocodile, he says (after a column and a half of description of it) "will weepe over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then wil eate up the head two. . . . I saw once one of these beasts in London, brought thither dead, but in perfect forme, of about 2 yards long;" in which detail of personal experience he shows what was tolerated, and even expected, in a Dictionary in his time; and he gives what is, in this time, a very enriching flavour.

John Minsheu, first publishing in 1599, but appearing in his better known form in 1617, only one year after Bullokar, must here have his greeting. "Some have affirmed," he says captivately, at the very onset, "that a Dictionarie in a yeere might be gathered compleat enough. I answer that in conceit it may be;" and, conceit being far away enough from his own composition, his answer carries with it every satisfaction. So does his Dictionary. It was, again, like Cotgrave's, and Florio's, and Baret's, and "Master Huloet's," an immense work; folio. It marked more progress, too. It was the first book ever published in England that appended a list of subscribers; and in matters appertaining solely (as the foregoing does not) to Dictionary-growth, it was the first that tried to fix the derivations of words; that aimed at regulating their sounds by putting accents; that gave some chapters of connected Familiar Conversations, or scenes, hoping them to be "profitable to the learned and not unpleasant to any other reader."

His Dictionary was, mainly, to teach Spanish; the edition of 1599 has Spanish first (for there had been reasons, for a good many years in that 16th century, why Spanish should want compassing by the English; and there were reasons, under James the First, when Minsheu went to the press again, that Spanish should be still well in courtly memory); so Minsheu says: "I accent every word in the whole Dictionary to cause the learner to pronounce it right, otherwise when he speaketh he shall not be understoode of the naturall Spaniard." "Lunch, or great piece," is his arrangement in his latter half, where he has English first, "*vide* Zouja." "A mer-Maide, *vide* Serena." "A Taunting Verse, *vide* Satyra." "A Tippling Gossip, *vide* Bevedora." This *vide* occurring at every one of the thousands of English words, without the art of book-making having advanced sufficiently for it to be seen that a note at the beginning of the division would have made such trouble and cost unnecessary.

A vastly different Dictionary was published by Henry Cockeram, in 1623. He thought that "Ladies and Gentlewomen, young schollers, clarkes, merchants, as also strangers of any nation," desirous of "a refined and elegant speech," would like an "Alphabetically and English Expositor" of "vulgar words," "mocke words," "fustian termes,"

"ridiculously used in our language," so that they might look into such an Expositor "to receive the exact and ample word to expresse" what they required. Accordingly, he tells them that Rude is vulgar, and Agresticall the choice word they ought to use for it, or Rusticall, Immorigerous, Rurall; also, that To Weede is vulgar, and the choice word To Sarcutate, To Diruncinate, To Averuncate; further, that to speak of To knocke one's legs in going, is vulgar; it should be called choicely To Interfeere. He puts down a "Glosse, a short exposition of any darke speech;" he makes his Glosse, in the shape his period had worked it into, an Exposition of very dark speech indeed. His Natural History is quite on a level with what he had seen in Dictionaries before. "The Barble," he says, as a specimen, "a Fish that will not meddle with the baite untill with her taile shee have unhooked it from the hooke."

But Thomas Blount, of the Inner Temple, barrister, in another little octavo published in 1656, elbows this Henry Cockeram aside, and has good reason for clamouring for attention. He wrote his Dictionary, he said ("*Glossographia*" in the title), "for all such as desire to understand what they read," and to save others from being, what he was, "often gravell'd." He had "gained a reasonable knowledge in the Latin and French," he declares, "and had a smattering of Greek and other Tongues;" uselessly, evidently; for these are some of the words he says are those that "gravell'd" him:—Basha, Seraglio, Turbant, the Salique Law, Daulphin, Escurial, Infanta, Sanbenito, Consul, Tribune, Obelisk, Vatican, Dictator. "Nay," he breaks out, "to that pass we are now arrived, that in London many of the tradesmen have new dialects: the Vintner will furnish you with Alicant, Tent, Sherbet, Coffee, Chocolate; the Tayler is ready to make you a Capouch, Rochet, or a Cloke of Drap de Berry; the Barber will modifie your Beard into A la Manchini; the Haberdasher is ready to furnish you with a Cassok; the Sempstress with a Crabbat and a Toylet." England had no Protectorate in respect of its English words, then, clearly—however carefully Cromwell might have been guarding English rights; and Puritanism found itself without a moment to spare to set a purist at the head of language.

Thomas Blount, however, has another claim, in Dictionary History, for distinct mention. When his *Glossographia* was only two years old, namely in 1658, he received deep offence. Edward Phillips, the son of Anne Milton, Milton's sister, publishing a folio Dictionary, the *New World of Words*, made Blount bring up his guns to try and shiver it to pieces, thereby ushering warfare into lexicography; and, giving such life to it, it has broken out, on one score or another, at the publication of almost every Dictionary since. Phillips copied out of Blount's little octavo wholesale; copying blunders and all, even to blunders of type, so that he stood there (in sheets, but not penitent) convicted. Many errors he made without copying, too; and simply for want of understanding; and for these, as well as the others, Blount pounces down upon him vigorously—Blount with all his quills high. He says, quot-

ing Phillips, "Gallon (Spanish), a measure containing two quarts. Our author had better omitted this word, since every alewife can contradict him." He says, quoting Phillips still, "Quaver, a measure of time in musick, being the half of a crotchet, as a crotchet the half of a quaver, a semiquaver, &c. What fustian is here! Just so, two is the half of four, and four the half of two; and semiquaver is explicated by a dumb &c.!" This suffices; anger not being a pleasing spectacle, nor inefficiency either. Besides, Phillips acquired wisdom enough to correct his errors—about forty years after he had made them, and when poor Blount was dead!—and, as he did do this, it is but mercy now to—shut him up, and put him by.

Echoing about still, however, are adverse criticisms of this unpleasing Roundhead, as another volume is taken down. "Phillips had neither skill, tools, nor materials," said the anonymous author of the *Glossographia Anglicana Nova*, publishing it in 1707. It is not his book, however, on which the fingers fall. Space is getting miserably short; there are nearly two centuries of Dictionaries yet to be accounted for; in the throng, many a folio, a quarto, an octavo must be passed untouched, and even unnamed, by; and this is one of them. Here is the bulky folio, though, the valuable folio, of Dr. Stephen Skinner; published in 1671, before Phillips had put on his sackcloth, and when Skinner, too, was endorsing the verdict that he ought to wear it. This must be handled for a moment, and have a little open spreading. It is a laborious Etymological Dictionary; large as full, full as large; it contains elaborate explanations of English words in Latin; it contains the etymologies of these words from the Latin, Greek, French, Anglo-Saxon, Italian, Spanish, Teutonic; with Minsheu's derivations, and Spelman's derivations (as far as they existed), to compare; and it forms a whole that is a wonder, especially when it is considered that the author was in full practice in London as a physician, and died at the early age of forty-four. His manner was this:—

Platter: à Fr. Plat; Hisp. Plato; It. Piatto, Piatta; Teut. Platte; à Lat. Patina; Gr. . . .

omitted here, say, "for lacke of fit Greeke letters, the printer not having leasure," &c.; and omitting, likewise, a long definition of what a plate is in Latin—the real language of the book. It was quite concise; quite unornamented and undescanted upon; just brief and sheer, straight up to the point; and it was precisely because it was this, that it had such value. Especial literary interest, moreover, will never fade away from it. It was with Johnson in that lodging in Holborn, in that "handsome house in Gough Square, Fleet Street," in that "upper room fitted up like a counting-house" where he and his six copyists spent those nine years engaged upon his Dictionary; and nothing, up to that date, was in existence so suited to the purpose. In company with the *Etymologicon Anglicanum* of Junius, it gave Johnson his etymologies ready to his hand, and saved him several years of unpalatable labour.

Nathan Bailey, appearing in 1721, was a fit auxiliary to Skinner, and has claims to notice yet more pressing. Reaching him (and skipping Coles, and Cocker, and Kersey, to do it—the which skipping is done ruefully, because of the rich provender they almost beg to be cropped away from them)—there can be a glance at once at Bailey's title. The *Universal Etymological English Dictionary*, it is; and in that word "Universal" is the sign that distinguishes it. Nathan Bailey had the genius to see that an art is no art that does not take in all sides of it; that in his art there ought to be a representation of all words—easy, as well as "hard;" "fustian," as well as euphuistic; current, as well as those out of date; and, being the first lexicographer who saw this, he was the first lexicographer to try and carry it out. His success was immense, and immediate. There were five editions of him; there were ten editions of him; there were fifteen; there were twenty; there were twenty-four. There were varieties of him, and many editions of each. At first he was octavo (but as broad in the back as he ought to be), with woodcuts—in which idea, also, he was an innovator—to show matter, such as heraldic coats, difficult to explain; then he was without the cuts, at the lowered price of 6s.; then he was in folio, in which commodious size he was the best help Johnson had of any. Having a folio copy interleaved, Johnson's notes were made on the blank sheets; and it stood, a secure and acknowledged foundation. The manner of Bailey, as shown in his work, overruns with character. "A cat may look at a king," he says, in black letter: proverbs being a part of his scheme, and his heart full in it: "This is a saucy proverb, generally made use of by pragmatistical persons, who must needs be censuring their superiors, take things by the worst handle, and carry them beyond their bounds: for tho' Peasants may look at and honour Great Men, Patriots, and Potentates, yet they are not to spit in their faces." "Sea-Unicorn, Unicorn-Whale," he says, in delightful continuation of his predecessors' Natural History; he being a thriving schoolmaster, and teaching only 150 years ago, let it be hinted: "A Fish eighteen foot long, having a head like a horse, and scales as big as a crown-piece, six large fins like the end of a galley-oar, and a horn issuing out of the forehead nine feet long, so sharp as to pierce the hardest bodies." Can it not be seen how ignorance at home ought not to be surprising, and how, when the schoolmaster went abroad, there was plenty for him to put down in his note-book?

And now, is there to be anything of Johnson? What has been said, has been said with little skill, if there is not clear understanding by now that he was, glaringly, wanted. Bailey was the standard, there must be firm recollection, and remained the standard for thirty years. There was Dyche trying to run level paces with him, and a B. N. Defoe, and Sparrow, and Martin, and two or three known only by the name of their publishers—to have nothing here but this short enumeration there was even John Wesley. John Wesley's ideas of a Dictionary were such that he had the modesty to place himself only in duodecimo; only



in a hundred pages; only with one column to a page; with which circumstances, John Wesley's modesty ended. "The author assures you," he brags, "he thinks this the best English Dictionary in the world;" and the sleek conceit of him (lexicographically) would almost show cause why he should not have place in serious business at all. "Many are the mistakes in all the other English Dictionaries which I have yet seen," he adds, "whereas I can truly say I know of none in this;" and as he has thus pointed his finger at "mistakes"—at ignorance, his pointing is his passport, even if there were nothing more in it than the delicious manner in which it is done. But there is far more in it. For science was awakening, when Wesley was preaching—and writing a Dictionary. Cook was circumnavigating the globe; Banks was labouring at his botany; Solander was with them; philosophy, on every hand, was drawing her robes around her, and taking philosophic shaping. With specimens, human and brute, being brought home from voyages triumphantly achieved, with drawings and measurements to show other objects not so conveniently preserved, it would no longer do to have Dictionaries, or, say, Verball Creatures, stuffed full of fins like galley-oars, of crocodiles' tears. Ignorant men, consulting these, became more ignorant; scientific men, consulting them, could only turn from the columns and give—according to their temper—a laugh or a sneer. So Johnson had to be set to work. He was a scholar; he was an academic; he was a man of letters. His pen could run—circuitously, it is true, with overmuch of pomp; but the bound of it had vigour; its stateliness had caught the public eye. And a little knot of publishers, acutely seeing the commercial side of this, had interviews with him, negotiated with him, let him know that he was the man. Poor Johnson! He had, he says in his preface, "the dreams of a poet;" he was "doomed at last to wake a lexicographer!" He wrote having "little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement or under the shelter of academick bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow." Yes. His "Tetty" died during the nine years his Dictionary occupied him; he was not able during the nine years to remain in one home. He had to leave that lodging in Holborn, where he and his six copyists sat in an upper chamber fitted up like a counting-house; he had to get another lodging in Gough Square. Worse than all, he "soon discovered that the bulk of my volumes would fright away the student; thus to the weariness of copying I was condemned to add the vexation of expunging;" and "I have not always executed my own scheme, or satisfied my own expectations;" and he had to collect materials by "fortuitous and unguided excursions into books," out of "the boundless chaos of living speech;" and he knew that "among unhappy mortals is the writer of Dictionaries, the slave of science, doomed only to remove rubbish," and that, though "every other author may aspire to praise, the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach!" Yes. And let the sigh come out again, Poor



Johnson! "Lexicographer," he writes, when he has worked up to that word in his two giant volumes—that are half a yard high, that are nearly a foot wide, that are nearly a finger thick, that weigh pounds and pounds—"Lexicographer;" and he puts to it the celebrated definition, "A writer of Dictionaries; a harmless drudge that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the significance of words." And can it cause wonder? Leaving that, however, which was personal to Johnson, let notice be taken solely to Johnson's work. Attention must be called to that spelling "Dictionaries." It is an error crept in. It is an earnest of a thousand errors—and weaknesses, and omissions, and false notions, and unnecessary verbiage, and failure to hit—that also crept in, in spite of all the learning of Johnson, and all his research, and all his exhausting care. Able as he was, concentrated as he could make himself, he could only go as far as the knowledge of his day had gone; he could only see as far as his human eyes would let him see. So he omits predilection, respectable, bulky, mimetic, isolated, mimical, decompose, &c., of accident; he shall not put in, he says of purpose, such words as Socinian, Calvinist, Mahometan; as greenish, and the family of ish; as vileness, or any ending in ness; as dully, or any ending in ly; such are not wanted. John Ash, a close successor of his, and a very blundering copyer, as Phillips was of Blount, is received as a lexicographical joke always, because, whilst writing such things as 'Bihovac, rather an incorrect spelling for biovac," and for not giving the right word, Bivouac, at all, he puts down "Esoteric (adj.), an incorrect spelling for exoteric, which see." But Johnson had not esoteric or exoteric, either. Science had not advanced sufficiently to make those words required for her vocabulary; or else he forgot them. Johnson thought, also, it was philology to write down "Exciseman, from excise and man;" and "Feather-bed, from feather and bed;" and "Looking-glass, from look and glass," and so forth. It seemed expedient to him, too, as an example, to say of network (after philologising it very helpfully, from net and work), "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." It never occurred to him that reticulate and decussate, and interstice and intersection, would each one require as much searching for as network, and, being four words for one, would give four times the trouble. Then there was that class of definitions he would never consent to have expunged, of which excise is a well-known illustration. "Excise," he wrote, "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." After remarking which, Johnson's immense work, laden to the margins with its glorious quotations, has also to be hoisted up on to the shelves—taking a heavy lurch to do it,—and Johnson's work has, very reluctantly, to be let go.

He had successors of all sorts, in shoals. They have counted 20, 40, 60, 80, 100, and more. There was Buchanan—to touch one or two of

the most notable, here and there. There was Johnston, particular in his pronunciation, and getting (for one) Sirrah pronounced Serra, whilst his contemporaries insisted it should be Sarra. There was Kenrick, the originator of the *London Review*, and the libeller of Garrick. There was Entick. There was Perry. There was Nares. There was Sheridan, telling his public to say Wen'z-da, and Skee-i, and Skee-i-lark, and Ghee-arden, and Ghee-ide, and so on: he being sure of his position because he had read three or four hours a day to Swift, had heard Chesterfield and the Duke of Dorset speak, and knew pronunciation had been uniform in the time of Queen Anne, and had only been defaced by "the advent of a foreign family," viz., of course, the Hanoverian line. There was Walker, saying (on Sheridan's report), how Swift used to jeer the people who called the wind winn'd, by "I have a great minn'd to finn'd why you pronounce it winn'd," and how he was met by the retort, "If I may be so boold, I should be glad to be toold why you pronounce it goold." There was Scott. There was George Mason, raving about Johnson's "uniform monotony of bombast;" his "ridiculous blunders" exceeding 4,300; his "numberless literary transgressions;" his "culpable omissions;" with his own splendid renunciation, on his own part, of the wish to "plunder poor Johnson of his multifarious literary infamy;" with his ugly little phrase that "the *Rambler* is an article I should be most ashamed to own the penning of." There was Jodrell. There was Richardson, proclaiming Johnson's *Dictionary* "a failure, his first conceptions not commensurate to his task, and his subsequent performance not even approaching the measure of his original design;" proclaiming himself—no!—saying, "he may be arraigned for a vainglorious estimate of himself," whilst it is quite clear he thinks too-glorious an estimate every way impossible. There was Todd. There were Webster and Worcester; American, both; remarkable, in their early days, for so much quarrelling, that a hillock of pamphlets carried on the strife for months, setting down testimonials, anti-testimonials, advertisements, amounts of sales, narratives, &c.; and giving opportunity to Dr. Worcester to say of some of Dr. Webster's words, "it has been my intention scrupulously to avoid them. . . . You coined them, or stamped them anew, to enrich or embellish the language. . . . They are Ammony, Bridegroom, Canail, Leland, Naivty, Nightmar, Prosopopy" (and more). . . . "I am willing that you should for ever have the entire and exclusive possession of them."

This is enough. There is conception by now, perhaps, of the mass of Dictionaries there is for the student to roam amongst; and the giddy bewilderment likely to come from the consultation of column after column of them, of page after page, of author after author pressing into notice by the lively score. It shall be concluded that this is so. What, then, will be the giddiness of bewilderment when there is the announcement, now, by way of conclusion, that there is no Dictionary of the English language in existence as yet at all? It will sound prodigious; it will

sound stupendous ; it will sound of the sort that will entail a reference to a Dictionary at once (any one will do ; that one nearest at hand) to try and select a word that shall fitly express absurdity or the wildest intrepidity. Yet this will only be—until there is consideration. What—as a beginning of such consideration—have all these Dictionaries, into which this has been a peep, amounted to ? There has been ignorance, in many, when they are touched on the score of utility (their *raison d'être*), not charm of reading ; there has been superfluity ; there has been folly ; there have been errors, and omissions, and plagiarisms, and personal warpings, and irrelevant detail, that make up as curious a chapter in literary history as is anywhere to be found. And what, on the other hand—to consider more—is it clear by now that a Dictionary ought to be ? The Philological Society, at the instigation of Archbishop (then Dean) Trench, so long ago as 1857, essayed to answer this question. Its members decided to sound, and dig, to lay deep and sure foundations, for a Dictionary that should include all English words, in all centuries, in all meanings, with a quotation to support each of these in each and every stage—a quotation, moreover, with book, chapter, and verse appended, that it might, for all time, be open to verification. They called upon all lovers of the English language to aid them in collecting these quotations from all English books. They appealed to all who were competent, and who felt the impulse to be more than mere collectors, to aid them in arranging these countless quotations ; in combining them into word groups, and special sense groups, and chronological series, ready for an editor's manipulation. Then they saw that an editor, like a master-architect, could build upon this broad and enduring foundation ; could combine, and harmonise, and complete, all these conspiring efforts ; could rear aloft upon them at length the fair fabric of the Dictionary that ought to be. It was a proud scheme. It would result in a complete history of each word, it was seen—and intended. The birth would be shown, the growth, the death—where death had come. Clearly, up to the date of the publication of such a Dictionary, the English language, without bias, would have representation through and through ; also, after the date of such a publication, the further additions of further centuries to the English language would only need interpolation, in edition after edition, to let the complete representation evermore go on. But adverse circumstances arose : the first-nominated editor—enthusiastic, brilliant, loveable—Herbert Coleridge, died. The shock to the nascent Dictionary was sharp and severe ; and though Mr. Furnivall, zealous in forming the Early English Text Society, the Chaucer and other societies—founding them chiefly that the welfare of the Dictionary might be promoted—did all that was in his power to keep the work heartily in hand, there came a chill to the warm spread of it, and it almost burnt down. Happily this depression is past. It was only momentary, to lead to better energy and better consolidation ; it was only till there had been sufficient recovery to look at the undertaking anew ; and now that the

Philological Society has secured the acceptance of its plan by the University of Oxford—has secured its execution at the cost and with the typographical resources of the University press—now that, in its late president, Dr. Murray, it possesses once more a master-builder especially competent to the mighty task, and willing to give his life to its completion, there can be no possible fear felt as to the result. At his call, 800 volunteers have united their efforts to complete the gleaning and garnering in of quotations; at his call, twenty scholars are lending their aid to rough-hew these into preparatory form, twenty more have placed their special knowledge at his service, in case of special need. The right spirit is in this method of attacking the subject, clearly. As a result, as much as two-thirds of the preliminary labour is announced as done. Further, twelve months hence Dr. Murray is in full hope that he will be able to present the first-fruits of work the seed of which, as has been seen, was sown a quarter of a century ago. And though all this, possibly, is too well known in literary circles, is attracting too much literary interest, to have made any reference necessary to it here, yet, whilst among the Dictionaries, it would have been *garuche*—it would have been even ungrateful—to have left it out.

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## Love and Pain.

### I.

LOVE held to me a chalice of red wine  
     Filled to the very brim;  
 About the slender stem the clinging vine  
     Was closely twined and round the jewelled rim;  
 Love held to me a cup of blood-red wine,  
     And made me drink to him.

Around, the desert of my life lay bare,  
     A waste of reeds and sand,  
 Love stood with all the sunlight in his hair,  
     And yellow crocus blossoms in his hand;  
 And all around the cruel scorching glare,  
     The waste and thirsty land.

To his white feet the loose grey raiment hung,  
     His flushed lips smiled on me,  
 Across his pale young brow the bright curls clung.  
     I would have fled, but lo! I might not flee,  
 While through the heavy air thy clear voice rung,  
     And bade me drink to thee.

I took the graven cup, my lips I set  
     Close to the jewelled rim,  
 And to Love's eyes there stole a faint regret,  
     Then a bright mist made all the old world dim;  
 And in the golden cloud our blind lips met,  
     And I drank deep to him.

### II.

O Love, among the orchard trees I lay,  
     Spring grasses at my feet,  
 The flickering shadows fell upon the way,  
     The pale narcissus made the fresh air sweet;  
 Among the blossoming orchard trees I lay,  
     Waiting my Lord to greet.

Through the green woods the birds sang shrill and gay,  
And then a sudden sound  
Of coming feet, a glimpse of raiment grey,  
And shaken blossoms falling to the ground;  
Sweet was my dream of Love and Life and May,  
And blossoms scattered round.

And swift towards me his light footsteps came:  
O Love, I woke to see  
Strange eyes upon me, dark with some spent flame,  
So like to thine, O Love, and yet not thee:  
Thine was his raiment, and he bore the name  
Known but to Love and me.

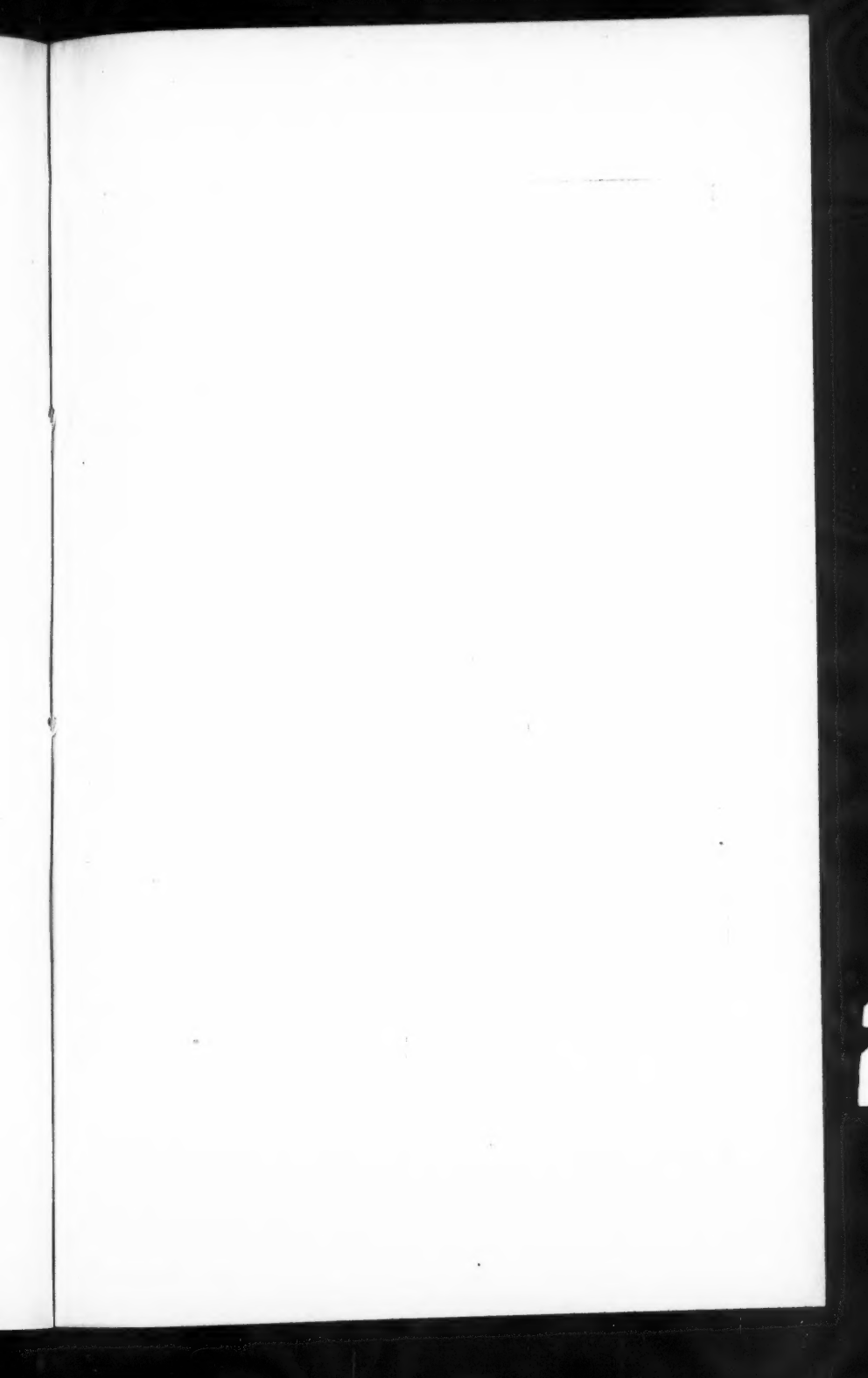
The yellow crocus blossoms in his hand  
Were crushed, and wan, and dead;  
Lo, as a wanderer on an unknown strand  
He stood beside me with dis-crownèd head:  
"Love comes not twice," he cried, "to any land,  
But I am in his stead!"

He held to me a chalice of red wine  
Filled to the very brim;  
The twisted snakes about the tall stem twine  
And closely coil around the jewelled rim;  
He held to me a cup of blood-red wine,  
And bade me drink to him.

"Love came, but never will he come again,  
Drink thou to me;  
Love did forsake, but I, his brother, Pain,  
Will now for evermore abide with thee;  
The dark earth-mist has gathered round us twain,  
Drink thou to me!"

U. A. T.

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TWO OF THE HOTEL SERVANTS CARRIED HER FATHER UP TO HIS ROOM.

TWO OF THE HOTEL SERVANTS CARRIED HER FATHER UP TO HIS ROOM.



## A Grape from a Thorn.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### THE WIDOW'S RING.



**T**HOUGH young people of both sexes think a good deal about love, they absolutely decline to consider its existence possible between persons of mature age. They admit that the contemporaries of their grandfathers and grandmothers may entertain a tender passion for *them*, and they have even been known to reciprocate it; but they flout the idea of those ancient people having a tenderness for one another. Hence I sometimes flatter myself, when I am inclined to flirt with some young person a third of

my age and undoubtedly three times as good-looking, that I am driven to that course of conduct from fear of ridicule. One must flirt with somebody; and though it would be more becoming to select a contemporary, I dare not do it, from dread of what the young folks will say, but pay my attentions to the prettiest girl I can find as a *pis aller*.

Miss Jennynge had no more idea that Mr. Josceline aspired to her mother's hand, when he accepted her invitation that evening, than that he had a design of possessing himself of the cast of her father's head, or of the collection of his photographs; though she herself would not have objected to becoming his wife for a few years, and the Hon. Mrs. George Emilius Josceline for ever. And that astute gentleman had possessed himself of this tender secret, which she believed to be hidden in her virgin bosom from every eye.

This knowledge, while it imposed upon him considerable difficulties, gave him a great advantage. He knew that any attention he paid to Anastasia would be set down by Mrs. Jennynge to his desire to avert her daughter's suspicions, while her daughter herself would take them *au sérieux*. The killing of two birds with one stone was a metaphor altogether too feeble for this masterly course of conduct. If Mr. Vernon had known of the position—which would have been excellent “copy” for him—he would have likened it to getting the self-same article accepted (and paid for) by *Punch* and the *Pulpit*.

“We’re so glad you’re come!” exclaimed Mrs. Jennynge, as she gave him her well-jewelled hand; “it is so thoughtful and kind of you.”

Thoughtful it might have been, though hardly in the sense in which Mrs. Jennynge intended it. The fact was, the excellent old lady was rather off her head with excitement, and used the first gracious terms that came into it; but the kindness was surely the other way, as Mr. Josceline hastened to say.

“It is very kind of you and your daughter,” he answered, “to take pity upon my loneliness.”

“We are lonely ourselves,” said Anastasia, “for now that Miss Josceline has gone there is no attraction for us in the ladies’ drawing-room. Mrs. Armytage is more intolerable than ever. You noticed, no doubt, how insolent she was at dinner; well, she has been in tears half the afternoon. Can you possibly guess why, Mr. Josceline?”

“Well, I should hope it was because she heard the rumour of your possible departure.”

“Not she,” said Mrs. Jennynge, at which somewhat blunt sally Mr. Josceline smiled as though it had been the subtlest of epigrams.

“Mrs. Armytage has found in a book from the circulating library,” continued Anastasia, “a passage which has affected her most distressingly.”

“Dear me; from one of the poets, no doubt,” said Mr. Josceline; “a delicate nature like hers must be easily unstrung by poetic suggestion.”

“What a wicked man you are!” smiled Mrs. Jennynge admiringly. “A little bird told me you could be very severe when you pleased, though I refused to believe it.”

It was evident from the colour that came into Anastasia’s face that she was the bird in question, but she pursued her narrative without taking any notice of this little digression.

“No, it was not a poetry book” (“Poetry book!” thought Mr. Josceline; “she’s worse than the other!”); “it was a paragraph from some work on natural history about the duration of life in animals. ‘The rhinoceros,’ she told us, ‘exists for ever so long, the alligator, except from over-eating itself, scarcely knows what it is to die, but the dog—the faithful dog—attains but rarely to twenty years of life.’ According to that

computation, her 'own sweet Fido,' as she calls him, has, it seems, only about fifteen years of existence before him, which has put her in a most dreadful state."

"No wonder," said Mr. Josceline; "fifteen years—why, it's a mere span." His tone was more cynical even than he intended, for he was thinking of "the probabilities" of the duration of his own existence.

"I had it on the tip of my tongue," continued Anastasia, "to ask the woman how long she expected to live herself."

"That would have been very rude, Statty," said Mrs. Jennynge reprovingly. "Don't you think so, Mr. Josceline?"

"Well, it would have been slightly personal, no doubt; but the temptation to one who possesses humour must, we must allow, have been considerable. Of the society, however, to be found in the ladies' drawing-room your daughter appears to be quite independent, if I may judge from these charming flowers. They are nature itself. I was afraid that it was an occupation that had died out with our young ladies—a lost art, like the green tint in painted windows and the exquisite old lace of——"

"They are *mine*!" interrupted Mrs. Jennynge, with modest triumph.

Considering that Mr. Josceline had heard all about this particular manufactory of wax flowers from Ella, the extremity of astonishment manifested in his features was most creditable to him. He looked from Mrs. Jennynge to her violets, and from her violets to Mrs. Jennynge, as though he were doubting which of them was wax, and which the lovely and odorous offspring of nature.

"It is miraculous!" he murmured.

What in reality, however, struck him as much more extraordinary, was the spectacle of Anastasia with her thumb in her mouth, which at this moment he beheld in the looking-glass. He was unaware, of course, that this was equivalent to the hoisting the drum in Admiral Fitzroy's signal system; but he saw by the lowering of her brow that a storm was brewing, and felt he had pushed his compliments to her mother too far. The human mind is able to bear a very considerable weight of personal flattery, but it is often impatient of a pennyweight when the flattery is addressed to a third person.

"I have often thought," said Mr. Josceline, musing, "that the combinations of which art is capable have never been sufficiently experimented upon. A picture was shown me the other day of the home garden of a noble friend of mine, with photographs of his family, reduced to the proper comparative size, sitting on the seats and in the arbours. The effect was a little stiff, but the idea seemed to me capable of development. Now why should not these exquisite flowers be made to form a foreground in some beautiful landscape, such as I see on yonder table?"

"It would spoil them both," said Anastasia curtly.

"Pardon me, my dear young lady," said Mr. Josceline, taking up the work of art in question and examining it with great minuteness, "we can-

not tell till we have tried. This is a very delicate specimen of the master indeed, and there is no doubt of the master ; it is a Birket Foster."

"Oh, dear no, that's mine," said Anastasia briskly.

"Yours? You astound me!" ejaculated Mr. Josceline. "I took it for an original which you had set yourself to copy. Dear me! If my Ella could only paint like this I should never venture to criticise. She told me that you were a most marvellous performer—but really this——"

"I think Anastasia has a natural gift for painting," observed Mrs. Jennynge.

"Natural gift, my dear madam! It is genius. In your daughter's presence I dare not say what I think of it, and I am thought to have some little taste in these matters too. I am not one to praise, I hope, without discrimination. Now this again"—he took up another specimen—"has vigour and skill; the trained hand and eye are very perceptible; the execution perhaps is even better; but the conception, the exquisite suggestiveness of the other, is wanting in it."

"Why, lor bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jennynge—"that's Mr. Felspar's. He left it for my daughter to copy. Didn't he, Statty?"

"Yes, that is Mr. Felspar's," said Anastasia, her countenance beaming with pride and delight, but also, as was usual with her when excited, growing very red in the wrong places.

"Well, all I can say is," said Mr. Josceline with an air of conviction, "that in my opinion Mr. Felspar has very little to teach you, my dear Miss Jennynge. What admirable perspective! How softly the distances are made to mingle! This is an unexpected treat indeed."

The observation of course referred to the picture, but just at that moment the coffee was brought in, which made the application of the remark a little vague.

"Do you take cream or hot milk?" observed Mrs. Jennynge anxiously. "It was very remiss in me, as I told you, not to have taken note of that."

"Indeed, my dear madam, it is very good of you even to profess an interest in my poor tastes and fancies. I take black coffee, thank you."

"Black coffee!" exclaimed Mrs. Jennynge regretfully. "I am afraid they have got nothing blacker than this in the house."

The visitor was here attacked by such a severe cough that it brought the water into his eyes.

"Mr. Josceline means, mamma," said Anastasia, in that tone of reproach she always used when her mother made a social mistake, "that he takes his coffee without milk or cream."

"La, now, I'd just as soon take a black dose," observed her mother, making a wry face.

"It is an acquired taste, no doubt," said Mr. Josceline gently. "We men are the slaves of habit."

"Ah, I know what that means," observed his hostess. "My poor dear Nathaniel always used to use those words in apology for taking something he was fond of, but which disagreed with him, or which he was



afraid I should find fault with, such as a glass of gin and water. If you want a cigarette, Mr. Josceline, pray take one. I don't at all object to smoke."

"You are an enchantress, Mrs. Jennynge," exclaimed Mr. Josceline, "and can read the innermost thoughts of us poor mortals."

"I think I understand the men," answered his hostess modestly. "Get Mr. Josceline a light, Statty."

"But are you sure *you* don't object to the smell of tobacco, Miss Anastasia?" inquired the visitor with solicitude.

"I like it," answered the young lady with enthusiasm. After that eulogium upon her water-colour drawings, she would have professed to like the smell of boiling cabbage-water, if that should have been the Hon. George Emilius Josceline's favourite tipple.

From that moment the visitor was on velvet; for such is the gracious influence of tobacco upon the cultivated mind that it strengthens us to endure the society of the tedious, while at the same time it so admirably matures and elevates the intelligence that we say nothing we ought not to say, unless we are quite convinced it would be gratifying to our audience. From that moment Mr. Josceline carried on his little game of three-handed battledore with comparative ease; he gave the shuttlecock to each, not indeed in turn, but after just such an interval as prevented her from growing impatient, while he contrived to convince the other that he was temporarily depriving her of it not willingly, but in order to allay the flame of jealousy, or to extinguish the spark of suspicion. There was one thing, however, which Mr. Josceline was very anxious to effect, but with all his art had hitherto failed to compass. He wished to get rid of Anastasia, and to find himself alone with Mrs. Jennynge. To turn a young lady out of her own drawing-room without assigning any reason for it except that she is *de trop*, is a very difficult operation, as many of us in our youth may have had cause to remember, and this difficulty is greatly increased if she is the rival in our affections with the remaining occupant of the apartment. It is humiliating to confess the failure of so great a diplomatist, but after a couple of hours of conversation Mr. Josceline had only succeeded in the very easy task of charming his hearers, and was as far off from the object with which he had sought their society as when he began.

"I am afraid I must be going," he said, "for though I could sit up all night in such society, I should suffer for it (as one suffers for all one's pleasures, alas!) to-morrow. Late hours for the present are forbidden to me."

"How one hates doctors!" observed Anastasia with a gentle sigh.

"It would be a mitigation of their severe sentence," continued the visitor, "if I might take that landscape of yours away with me—not to keep, of course."

"I am sure you are very welcome to it," said Anastasia earnestly.

Here an outbreak of jealousy might not without reason have been

expected from Mrs. Jennynge. On the contrary, that lady smiled her sweetest smile, and in her tenderest voice exclaimed: "No, my dear Anastasia, I cannot permit you to give Mr. Josceline that picture when you have the lovely Como landscape to give him instead; it would give him a much better impression of your talents."

"But the Como is upstairs, mamma," pouted Anastasia, "at the bottom of the trunk."

"Never mind. I am sure you will not grudge a little trouble for our friend Mr. Josceline; fetch it, darling."

As to woman's tact, I have always had my doubts about it, but in the way of duplicity towards one another they are peerless. By this admirable arrangement Mrs. Jennynge had secured her daughter's absence for full five minutes. The door had scarcely closed behind her ere Mr. Josceline took advantage of his long-sought opportunity.

"In Miss Anastasia's presence," he said in his most dulcet tones, "I could hardly ask you the question, my dear Mrs. Jennynge, which has been trembling on my lips."

Mrs. Jennynge murmured in an affrighted tone, "Dear me, what question?" and put on the same expression, as nearly as she could recall it, which she had worn when her lost mate, or rather her penultimate, had demanded her virgin hand, more than a quarter of a century ago. And here it was that Mr. Josceline's experience failed him. He did not understand—what was the actual fact—that the widow was awaiting an offer of marriage there and then. He expected a little more delay and coquetry; and, though he meant to make his approaches very rapidly, it had not entered his mind to carry the widow's heart by a *coup de main*. One loses many things by over-refinement, though not often, as in this case, 5,000*l.* a year.

"I was going to ask you," he went on with gentle tenderness, "whether the report of your departure from the Ultramarine had really any foundation in fact. I heard it spoken of at the *table-d'hôte*, of course, but something within me bade me hope that there might be some mistake. The tidings seemed too sad—I had almost said too terrible—to be believed."

"What can it signify to anybody, dear Mr. Josceline," returned the widow, with tender melancholy, "whether a poor forlorn creature like myself goes away or stops?"

"I don't know as to *anybody*," replied Mr. Josceline; "I can only answer for myself. To me your departure would be a misfortune indeed."

"Do you really wish me to stay, then, a little longer? Really?" and the widow modestly lowered her eyes, and gave her hand a well-practised turn which exposed a bouquet of diamonds.

"I do. I implore it," whispered Mr. Josceline eagerly.

"Then I remain," she answered. "Hush, here's Anastasia," and she drew her fingers back from Mr. Josceline's tender grasp with such

celerity that she actually left one of her rings in his hand. Even the temporary acquisition of such an article under such peculiar circumstances would have been a source of embarrassment to some people; but Mr. Josceline merely slipped it into his waistcoat pocket with one hand, while he took "the Como" from Anastasia with the other.

"This is indeed a masterpiece," he said, and then fell into an art-ecstasy; a performance which to him was as easy as stroking a cat.

"And am I really to keep it?" he inquired, as he rose to take his departure.

"By all means," said Anastasia delightedly; "let me put it up in paper for you."

In the rustle which this proceeding occasioned, the widow contrived to whisper, "And you will keep *my* little gift too," in Mr. Josceline's ear.

"I have given a ring or two away in my time," reflected that gentleman when he found himself in his own apartment, "and in each case with a certain significance attaching to it. But I don't remember any one having given *me* an 'engaged ring' before; and it's not leap year, neither. However, the lady's booked, which is a great relief—my poor dear Ella."

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#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### A CHANGE OF VIEWS.

ON the evening of the same day on which Mr. Josceline and his daughter had visited Clover Cottage, Mrs. Gammer brought her two lodgers the tidings of little Davey's illness. The young men were greatly distressed by it, for the child was a favourite with them both; and Felspar at once went up to the hotel to volunteer his services as sick nurse, which Vernon would also have done but that the state of his wounded hand for the present rendered him useless for such a post. Felspar's assistance was of course declined, since the two ladies were already installed as nurses; and, as Mrs. Armytage cynically observed, "It would hardly have done to turn the Prior's House into an Agapemone." From inquiries made at the doctor's, it seemed that nothing was known for certain as to the nature of the illness; but among the little world of Wallington Bay it was represented, of course, as most alarming. Though some well-meaning attempts have been made of late years to discourage "sensation," they have not been wholly successful; and I am inclined to think that there is something in human nature itself which welcomes the thing, and has always done so, though of old it may have gone under some other name. With those who live dull, uneventful lives, in particular, anything out of the common way is attractive, even if it be a misfortune, provided only, of course, that it has not happened to themselves.

In Felspar's absence, Mrs. Gammer discoursed to his friend upon the topic with much satisfaction, and dwelt with unction upon the very gloomiest view of the case. "After all, Mr. Walter, we must all die, young or old; it don't much matter, for it is only a question of a year or two."

"My dear Mrs. Gammer," said Vernon, "you speak like a philosophical work, but even philosophy may be overdone. It would make me very uncomfortable, for example, to think you yourself would only live a year or two, and little Davey is much younger than you."

"That's true, Mr. Vernon; and though, thank Heaven, I never have an ache or a pain, I don't feel so much of a permanency as I did."

The term permanency in her mouth was characteristic; her calling coloured her whole existence; man, in her eyes, seemed not so much a tenant for life as a lodger, more or less liable to quit at a moment's notice.

"But these little people are soon up, as well as soon down," urged Vernon cheerfully.

"Ah, but, mind you, the poor child is delicate, and a very bad subject for a disease of any kind. Fever, they say, comes from drains, as is like enough; for my part I don't hold with these new-fangled inventions—sanitaries and what not; and there have been no drains in Wallington to my knowledge, and, until this present one, no fevers either. Now in Lawton—for I ha' been there scores o' times and smelt it—they've got what they call a sewage system, and the consequence is, mumps is never out of the place. What I was going to say is, that fevers and drains is very much alike; you never know, as any landlady will tell you, if once you begin them, when you come to the end of drains; and it's the same with fevers, we can hardly expect that the mischief will stop with poor little Davey. There's poor Miss Josceline——"

"There's nothing the matter with Miss Josceline, surely?" interrupted Vernon, taking his pipe from his mouth (a sure sign with him of great perturbation of mind).

"Not yet; but she's volunteered to nurse the child, and is shut up with him and the nurse, and Mrs. Wallace, and Mr. Aird; they are all together, they tell me, in the Prior's House, as in a galantine; so I reckon they must be keeping pretty close."

"In quarantine, you mean, Mrs. Gammer. Well, of course it's right to cut them off from the rest of the people in the hotel; but, dear me, though it is just like her kind heart, how very rash of Miss Josceline to volunteer for such a duty."

"Well, I don't know as to that, Mr. Vernon; it is just as rash of Mr. Felspar, and I must say a little selfish too, for if he was took with the fever, there's a lodger gone from Clover Cottage. After all, it's woman's work, is nussing, and I should think Miss Josceline would be the very one for it."

"Why?"

"Well, she's gentle in her ways, and cheerful, and she won't go trapesing and trailing along the floors, as Miss Jennynge do, with that precious train of hers; why, that young woman couldn't stoop, not over a pillow, to give a drop of medicine to a body, or what not, for fear of busting her stays. Then there's Mrs. Armitage—she'd be no sort of use in a sick-room, I reckon; to have a will of your own is one thing, but she's too masterful; she'd take her own way with the patient (if she took him in hand at all, which I doubt), in spite of what the doctor might say; but Miss Josceline, she's of another sort, tractable, and gentle, and yet with plenty of sense. One can see that with half an eye."

"Mrs. Gammer," said Vernon, "you were saying the other day you would like a set of the *Mayfair Keepsake* for your parlour bookshelf; how would you like it bound?"

"Lor, sir, I never said it serious, but only because you seemed to take to it so much yourself; and on wet days, when they've got no books, lodgers is so trying. 'If Mr. Vernon likes it, being such a judge,' says I, 'it must be first-class reading; and then there are the pictures.'"

"The *Keepsake* has some excellent things in it, no doubt," returned Vernon. "You shall have a copy of it next week, Mrs. Gammer, because—because you're a good woman."

"You're very kind, I'm sure, to say so, Mr. Walter," said the landlady, the usual peony tint of her complexion assuming the hue of beetroot. "It's a comfort I'm sure, in this world, when one finds one's efforts to do one's duty appreciated, and more especially by one's lodger."

Vernon, however, did not hear her; he was wrapped in thought: the question of blue and gold, or green and gold, as a binding for the *Keepsake*, was perhaps agitating his mind; so his companion believed, and, being a woman of much judgment in practical matters, she left him to his reflections.

Mr. Felspar had little to tell his friend with which we are unacquainted, and he found the task of breaking to him the fact of Ella's voluntary exposure to the danger of infection much easier than he had anticipated. Vernon remarked that to hear of such an act of self-sacrifice was only what he had expected, which, considering that he was already acquainted with the circumstances, was very true. The comparative coolness with which he received the news was so far satisfactory to his friend that it convinced him he had taken the right course in not communicating to Vernon what Mr. Josceline had told him respecting Ella's position and prospects. It would be time enough to do that should Vernon's intentions prove more serious. He could not, however, help contrasting the shock which the news of Miss Josceline's quixotic conduct had produced upon himself, when Mrs. Trant had informed him of it, with the quiet manner in which Vernon had received it. It was the

privilege of the young, who find women at their feet, he reflected bitterly, to be philosophic.

Yet all that night Vernon tossed sleeplessly in his bed, fevered, not with his wound, but with anxieties and forebodings founded on those careless words dropped by Mrs. Gammer, "One can hardly expect that the mischief will stop with little Davey." He pictured Ella, like some idealised Miss Nightingale, devoting herself to the case of her little patient till contagion struck her down, and health, and perhaps life itself, were sacrificed on the altar of devotion. As for Mr. Josceline permitting his daughter to undertake such a task, he could find no sort of explanation of it; unless he was so inordinately selfish that nothing awoke his fears that did not imperil his own personal safety, the man must be mad. Even Mr. Felspar, though he had so much more data to draw conclusions from, did not guess Mr. Josceline's real motive in thus acting; indeed he did not imagine that he had any motive at all, but set down his conduct to sheer carelessness, and a dislike to contemplate serious possibilities.

Directly after breakfast the next morning, Mr. Felspar repaired to the hotel to make inquiries. He found things pretty much as they were. The little patient had passed an uneasy night; but no fresh symptoms had declared themselves. Of course none of the party in quarantine were visible, and, having obtained what information he could from Mrs. Trant, the painter was passing out on his road home when Mrs. Jennynge beckoned him in from her window. She was generally much at her ease with Felspar, whom, being poor, she naturally regarded as a person of no consequence, and also as being for the present, at least, in her employment; but on this occasion he noticed that she wore a look of some embarrassment, and that her tone was one of unwonted affability and conciliation. On repairing to her sitting-room he found Mrs. Jennynge alone, seated at her usual table by the window, where the manufactory of wax flowers was carried on, and in the act of designing a blush rose. If he had recollected that, as a rule, she devoted her artistic talents to flowers of the funereal sort only, this fact would have been significant; but, as it was, it escaped his attention. He inquired after his pupil, Miss Anastasia, and was told she had gone out for a constitutional.

"The fact is," added Mrs. Jennynge, with a nervous giggle, "I was rather glad of it, since her absence gives me an opportunity of speaking to you a few words in private."

"In private?" echoed Mr. Felspar, in an astonished tone.

The lady's colour was high, her voice timid if not tender, and her whole manner what the vulgar term flustered. Taking all this in connection with the manipulation of the blush rose, the painter was a little alarmed. He was not naturally more conceited than most of us—indeed he was less so; but it did strike him (with a shiver), for one passing instant, that Mrs. Jennynge had fallen in love with him, and was about to make him an offer of marriage.

"Yes, on business," she continued, "if that can be called such which has been a labour of love with you, as you have told us all your work is."

"Oh, I see, the portrait," interposed Felspar. It was impolite of him to interrupt her, but the sense of relief he experienced had been considerable, and the observation escaped him involuntarily.

"Yes, the portrait of my late husband." (He noticed that she did not say as usual, when referring to that departed saint, "my lost Nathaniel.") "It is unpleasant to have to say so, Mr. Felspar, but the likeness does not give me satisfaction."

"Indeed! Of course these things are a matter of opinion, Mrs. Jennynge," replied the painter quietly, "but certainly not a week ago you expressed your entire approval of it."

"Did I? Then I think that must have been merely to spare your feelings."

Mr. Felspar smiled an amused smile, which spoke a volume: it seemed to say, "From what I know of your character, madam, that seems to me in the highest degree improbable."

She knew what the smile meant well enough, for the flush of embarrassment gave way at once to the deeper flush of anger.

"Well, at all events I don't like it now," said she bluntly.

"What's the matter with it?" inquired Mr. Felspar coolly, drawing back the curtain that concealed the picture standing on its easel. It struck him that some accident had happened to it, which might have induced a lady with a keen eye for her own advantage, such as he knew Mrs. Jennynge to be, to wish to cancel or amend her agreement. But there it stood as he had left it, not, perhaps, so idealised a presentment of her "lost Nathaniel" as the widow might have desired, but undoubtedly a good likeness so far as it went, and it was almost finished.

"It is neither this nor that which is the matter," said Mrs. Jennynge, regarding the portrait with marked disfavour; "it does not suggest to me the late Mr. Jennynge at all." Then, as if conscious that she had not expressed his relationship to her very pathetically, she added, in a tone broken by emotion, "I miss the smile; I miss the voice."

"The smile, madam," said Felspar coldly, "I can, if you please, make more pronounced, though it does not appear in the original; but as to the voice, that is certainly beyond me. A painter seldom succeeds in delineating the speech."

The contemptuousness of his tone was extreme, and his companion felt it. It did not shame her, but it convinced her that she had started on the wrong tack; she had been wrong in supposing that the artist could be bullied.

"My dear Mr. Felspar," she said, "do not let us dispute upon this matter, which after all, as you have said, is one of mere opinion. You are satisfied, it seems, but I am not. Our arrangement was, I think, that I was to pay you a hundred pounds—fifty pounds on the completion



of the sketch, which sum you have already received, and fifty pounds on the completion of the oil painting."

"Which will be finished in three or four days at most," observed Mr. Felspar quietly.

"I don't know about that, I'm sure, but I don't want it finished at all."

"Oh, I see. I have heard something of your intention to leave Wallington Bay, but instead of telling me of it in a straightforward manner, and asking to be off your bargain, you wish to find an excuse for dissatisfaction with my work."

The speech was certainly far from conciliatory, but there was one thing in it which mitigated its severity to the person addressed. Mrs. Jennynge was relieved to find that Mr. Felspar attributed her change of views to her proposed departure from the hotel—an intention which, as we know, she had abandoned.

"Well," said she naïvely, and without an attempt to resent his imputation, "it seems hard to pay for a thing we don't want, doesn't it?"

"I might retort, madam," answered Felspar, his words falling slowly and coldly, like the droppings from an icicle, "that it seems also hard to have had to do work for nothing. But I am not in the habit of bargaining about my pictures. The law would award me the full amount agreed upon, since I am ready to fulfil my part of our contract; but I am content to waive my rights."

"And to charge me nothing?" exclaimed Mrs. Jennynge, in a tone less of gratitude than of expectancy.

"Nothing."

"Now I call that handsome," said Mrs. Jennynge admiringly; "very handsome. I have often heard of the generosity of Art, and so on, but I never believed it. Mr. Felspar, you are a gentleman."

Mr. Felspar looked at her with an inquiring glance, as though he would have said, "How should *you* know?" but the implied sarcasm flew over her head: she only felt that she had made an excellent bargain.

"I am sure, my dear sir," she continued effusively, "we part the best of friends. Any further lessons, by-the-by, you may be good enough to give my daughter must be no longer given *as* a friend. I must insist upon your being remunerated for them."

"But I thought you were going away?" said Mr. Felspar.

"To be sure, I forgot that," said Mrs. Jennynge, for the first time looking really abashed. "Our departure, however, is not quite certain."

Mr. Felspar, to intimate that there were no doubts on that point in his own case, took up his hat. He was about to leave her, with a distant bow, when she stopped him.

"I again repeat you have behaved most nobly, Mr. Felspar; but about the cheque?"

"What cheque?"

"Well, the fifty pounds. I mean, of course, the first fifty. You will send it back to me, I conclude, in the course of the day. We *may* be leaving the hotel, and at all events, as my poor husband used to say, 'short settlements make long friends.'"

"I wish your husband was alive, madam, and acting towards me as you have done. Then I could tell him what I thought of his behaviour. As you are a lady, that is unfortunately impossible."

"Do you mean to say you are going to keep that first fifty, after all?"

"Most decidedly I am. If I was as rich as you, and you were as poor as I, I should doubtless return it to you as a free gift, but, as it is, I should as soon think of making over to you my last year's income. Good morning, madam."

"I don't think much of artists," murmured Mrs. Jennynge when he had left the room. "However, I have got half the money back, which was more than was to be expected." Then she took the picture off the easel and placed it on the floor with its back to the wall. The model of her lost Nathaniel after death had been already stowed away out of sight, and now she collected his photographs and put them without much ceremony into the table-drawer. Having thus cleared the apartment of all the touching mementoes of the departed, she returned with a sigh of relief to the construction of the blush rose which she intended for the Hon. George Emilius Josceline.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### IN QUARANTINE.

THE sharp contrasts of which the world is full are sharpest, not between rich and poor, I think (though, Heaven knows, those are clearly defined enough), but between the hale and the sick. It is true that riches may be on the side of the healthy, and poverty on that of the poor, in which case the question of compensation becomes (to the unphilosophic mind) importunate indeed; but there is no need for our present purpose to come face to face with that. There was difference enough between the mode of life pursued by the tenants of the *Ultramarine* in general, and that of that portion of them cut off from the rest by the double doors which divided it from the Prior's House or Hostel. In the one case there was Mr. Josceline wooing and winning; Mrs. Jennynge, in an Indian summer of rapture; and Miss Anastasia, beginning to suspect what was going on, and something more than disgusted at somebody's conduct—which, however, was a mystery to her. Mr. Josceline's arrival with four horses had effected even more than he had given them credit for; they had put it beyond all question that he had the means suitable to his birth, and "What on earth he could see in her mamma?" was the inquiry Miss Jennynge was for ever naturally putting to herself. She was not.

absolutely jealous of her mother, for though she would have had no objection to become the Hon. Mrs. Josceline herself, her affections were not involved in the matter; but she said to herself privately that "there was no fool like an old fool," and that Mr. Josceline must be "mad." Otherwise, being a judicious young woman in most matters relating to her own interest, she made no fuss about it, and even pretended not to see what was going on. Mrs. Jennynge had told the simple truth when she said that her daughter was absolutely dependent on her; and therefore it behoved Anastasia to keep her suspicions to herself, though as time went on they became amply corroborated. The absence of her late papa's photograph from the parlour wall, and the disappearance of the cast of his countenance, had been significant enough; but now she noticed a certain ring upon Mr. Josceline's finger about which there could be no question, except how in the world her mother, being much afflicted with rheumatism in the joints, could ever have slipped it over her knuckles. Also, though secrets are said to lie under the rose, there was a blush rose in wax in Mr. Josceline's sitting-room, which, so far from concealing anything from Miss Anastasia, told her everything.

Mrs. Armytage, however, knew nothing of what was taking place; but since, for Mrs. Jennynge's sake, Mr. Josceline had once or twice taken up the cudgels against her, the Professor's wife had grown bitter against him, and even described his "goings on" as disgraceful. Indeed, partly to conceal his profounder designs, but also because flirtation was natural to him, Mr. Josceline did, in his daughter's absence, make himself exceedingly agreeable, not only to Anastasia, who only pretended to like it, but to Mrs. Percival Lott, who liked it very much.

In the Prior's Hostel, if there was no flirtation, there was a great deal of reciprocal affection of another kind. Mr. Aird, when not at his post by little Davey's pillow, could never sufficiently exhibit, though more by his manner than his words, his sense of the generous kindness of the two ladies who, at such inconvenience, and even peril, to themselves, had undertaken to nurse his beloved child; and the two women loved one another, and the little patient clung to both of them (though always most to Ella), and drew their hearts more and more closely to him every day. The fever had not abated, though, as Dr. Cooper remarked of it, it ought to have done so; the more dangerous symptoms had disappeared, but the child's rest was broken and uneasy, and he awoke from his slumbers unrefreshed. The immediate cause of this was nightmare. In the middle of the night, he would wake up shrieking and pointing to the foot of his bed, where, as he said, stood a spectre. This ridiculous idea was, of course, combated by all about him, but without effect, and the incident had occurred twice. The ayah had always slept in his room. On the first night Ella had remained with him till nearly midnight, when she had been relieved at her post by Mrs. Wallace, and on the second the latter lady had remained till the

attack, if such it could be called, took place. She protested with much energy that she had never closed an eye, but Davey had whispered to Ella that both his nurse and Mrs. Wallace were asleep, and had been awakened by his crying out, but too late to see the "dark man." Upon the personal appearance of this gentleman, so vaguely described, it was thought best not to question him, but they all agreed that it was either some reminiscence of the mild Hindoo that haunted the child's dreams, or some fancied metamorphosis of Abra herself. Neither of the two ladies was in the least given to superstition, and though, as it afterwards turned out, Mr. Aird himself had a very pronounced taste for the horrible, he had never developed it in their presence. Ella suggested that the little patient should change his room, whereat Dr. Cooper only shrugged his shoulders: "That could be done, of course," he meant to imply, "but the dark man was no more to be evaded by that means than the black care which sits behind the horseman is to be shaken off by a change of steed."

"Well, it is my watch to-night," said Ella, "and we will try it once more." And she used the word "watch" with a meaning; for she was secretly resolved not to go to sleep at all.

Her proper place was in that too comfortable arm-chair in which (as Ella shrewdly suspected) Mrs. Wallace had succumbed to the seductions of Morpheus; but no sooner were the three settled for the night, and Abra, as usual, had fallen fast asleep, than the child besought Ella to lie down beside him—"Then I shall not fear," he said, "even if the dark man comes again."

He had made this request once before, when she had been keeping a shorter watch by his bedside; but she had persuaded him not to press it. Dr. Cooper had told her that to sleep with the child would be to "fly in the face of Providence"; for, if any mischief was really brewing, she would in that case be certain to suffer from it. But on this occasion the little fellow's appeal was so urgent, and his apprehensions so obvious, that she consented. Though she had never been troubled in that way herself, she had known imaginative girls at school to suffer much from nervousness at night, and her tender heart at once melted within her; and when, as soon as little Davey's arms were round her neck and his fears at rest, he sank into a tranquil slumber, she felt that she had already had her reward.

As she lay very quiet, for fear of disturbing him, her thoughts wandered over her past life, and, as usual, reverted to the mother whom she had never known, and had been tacitly forbidden to speak of. Had she herself, she wondered, when a little child, much younger than Davey, ever lain in loving arms, and been rocked to sleep on a mother's bosom? A dim recollection of a house with a porched door, that looked out upon flowers and shrubs, was all that remained to her of her first home. While still of very tender years she had been transferred to Miss Steele's care, at Minerva House, where no reference to her past had ever been made.

The girls—indeed, several batches of whom had come and gone in her time—had occasionally asked her questions upon that point; but, as it was manifest that she could not gratify their curiosity, the subject was soon dropped. When Davey got well she made up her mind on the first opportunity to endeavour to learn from her father what he could tell her of her own childhood; that was how she put it, even to herself. There was something in his studied reticence concerning his wife that forbade her to seek for information more directly. If even he would speak of his own past, she would not feel herself so utterly bereft of all ties of association. It was the absence of these, perhaps, that caused her mind to revert with interest to recent events, and made her exaggerate the claims of mere acquaintanceship. But presently she fell to thinking of Mr. Felspar, who had been so kind to her in regard to her drawing; and then upon Mr. Vernon. Perhaps it was their common affection to her present little companion that induced it; but her thoughts, having arrived at the young poet, dwelt there. What a pleasant face he had, and what a natural and charming manner! How Mr. Aird seemed to like him, and how devoted his friend Felspar was to him! Even his landlady, Mrs. Gammer, had spoken of him, when they called at the cottage, with affectionate enthusiasm. It must be a warm and honest heart that thus attracted every one towards it. Her father, though such a favourite with society, seemed to excite admiration rather than affection in his fellow-creatures, which was no doubt to be accounted for by that very reserve which restricted the demonstration of her own love for him; but Mr. Vernon had the faculty of evoking personal regard. It was fortunate; for, as it happened, he was as destitute of family ties as herself. Open as the day, he had made no secret of the fact that he was alone in the world, and had to win his own way in it. It was but natural that the similarity of their positions in this respect should invest him, in her eyes, with an additional interest. She pictured him, to herself, growing in fame, and worthy of the reputation he was acquiring. Then her thoughts strayed to her own little picture; and would it, or would it not, she wondered, be thought worthy of the honours of print? and, if it should have that good fortune, how pleasant it would be for it to appear side by side with Mr. Vernon's poem! and what a charming souvenir it would form of her visit to Wallington Bay, and of the kind friends she had found there! When she met Mr. Vernon, in after-years, he might be a great man; but she was sure he would not have forgotten her, because of that incident of the illustration, and—

"Ella! Ella!" whispered Davey, in hushed and frightened tones, "there he is!"

"There *who* is, my darling?" she answered tenderly. "You are dreaming."

"No, no! I saw him quite plainly!" insisted the child, with beating heart. "If I dared to look up I should see him again, in his cloak, at the foot of the bed."

Ella strained her eyes in the direction indicated. There was a night-lamp in the room, which gave a tolerable light, but insufficient to make things distinct. "Abra! Abra!" she cried.

With a grunt and a snort the Asiatic awoke. "What is it, Missee Ella?"

"Light the candles. You see, my dear Davey, there is nothing here."

"I saw him!" answered the child, his large eyes roving apprehensively over the room. "He stood there—just there—in his long cloak. Papa says it's like a girl to be frightened; but I can't help it."

"Of course you can't; nobody is frightened who can help it. You shall change your room to-morrow, Davey, I promise you that; and we will keep the candle alight for the rest of the night. Now you will go to sleep again, like a good boy."

"'Es I will, dear Ella."

She folded him in her arms, and in a few minutes slumber once more overtook him; but Ella remained awake. It might have been fancy—indeed it was folly to suppose otherwise—yet she thought she had seen a vague something at the bed-foot when the child had first cried out. What it was she could not describe; but something with some dim resemblance to a human figure had grown shadowy and disappeared under her gaze. It gave her, she knew not how, the impression of having been more distinct before her attention was called to it. Such delusions have happened to many of us, and, most commonly, when the mind has been disturbed and thrown out of gear by unwonted circumstances. In an ancient portion of an ancestral mansion, cut off from wholesome life, it was not unlikely that an imaginative young girl should have thus partaken of the fevered fancies of her patient. That this would be the view of others, at least, Ella had the good sense to perceive; and what weighed with her much more was the conviction that the revelation of what she had seen, or thought she had seen, would only increase existing troubles. She therefore said nothing about it to her companions, nor did she mention it in the daily letter which she wrote to her father describing, always with gaiety, how life went on in the Prior's Hostel; only, for the future, she took care that Davey's apartment should be occupied by Mr. Aird (whom she justly deemed to be ghost-proof), and *vice versa*.

It was curious, however, in spite of her prudent resolutions, how this strange incident affected not so much her spirits as her tone of thought, and, from unconscious sympathy, that of her companions. With the little patient, of course, they were always cheerful; but when alone, and not conversing about him, the topics of their talk became more serious, if not more sombre. Something was owing, no doubt, to the tightening bond of friendship, the tendency of which, among its other blessings, is to withdraw us from the commonplace, and to substitute for the froth of the wave the wave itself. When familiarity reaches a certain point we begin to trot out our hobbies, which may, or may not, be attractive



animals. Mr. Aird's was a hearse horse. He had a theory on suicide ; he thought that a man had a right to dispose of his own life, if in so doing it did not affect others injuriously. This was vehemently combated by Mrs. Wallace (whose views were mildly Evangelical) upon religious grounds.

"There's nothing against it in the Scriptures," persisted Mr. Aird. "What does Miss Josceline say?"

"I don't think a soldier should leave his post before the battle is over," was the grave reply.

"Ah, that's the military view ; but then, you see, I am a civilian," answered Mr. Aird grimly. "Besides, I am supposing that he has no one to defend but himself."

Then he began to furnish instances from his own personal experience. One, in particular, of a husband he knew, who, having lost his only child, wrote in the fly-leaf of his Bible to his dead wife, "There is nobody left now ; I have seen all I love leave the earth before me, and I come to you to-night." They were very interesting stories ; but a trifle too much so for his audience, and especially under existing circumstances.

"My dear Mr. Aird, you make our flesh creep !" remonstrated Mrs. Wallace ; whereupon he desisted.

Finding the enemy reduced to silence, it was only natural that the lady should fire a last shot. "You argue," said Mrs. Wallace, "that, in the case of wicked people, the very best thing they can do is 'to take themselves off,' as you call it, since, in so doing, they do the world a service ; but how can you tell that if they lived on they would continue to be wicked?"

"Because it is in accordance with experience," said Mr. Aird. "Don't you feel growing worse and worse yourself, now?"

But Mrs. Wallace was not to be put off by jest. There is a secret drawer in most people's mind in which they keep their serious convictions ; Mr. Aird had touched it in her case, and out they came. "You have told us some strange experiences of your own life," she said ; "let me tell you one of mine. Years ago, when I was a little child, my father went to Exeter for a couple of days, on business, leaving no one in the farmhouse but my aunt Esther, and myself, and some female servants. As our house was in a lonely part of the country, and since burglaries had been recently committed in the neighbourhood, he had proposed, before he went, to leave us some male protector ; but my aunt had declined it. She always reminded me of what I have read of Cromwell's troops, being of great courage, and a piety such as I have never seen equalled ; only she had no harshness nor uncharitableness to others. She slept alone, in the next room to me, where, for safety's sake, in my father's absence, what little plate we had was kept in an oak chest. When she went to bed at night it was her custom (for I could hear her voice, and if I listened intently, which I was sometimes tempted to do, her very words) to pray aloud, not only for ourselves, but her fellow-



creatures. It was not her way to hope that a handful of human beings only, with herself and friends among them, should be saved, but the whole world, including even the wicked. She was a simple-hearted woman, in whom whatever chanced to come to her ears out of the common made a great impression, and on this occasion what my father had said about the late robberies committed by tramps in the district recurred to her mind. It was "borne in upon her," as she afterwards expressed it, to beseech the Divine compassion in favour of the houseless wretches constrained, perhaps by want as much as evil habit, to break through and steal. I heard her; and then, to my astonishment and alarm, I heard a faint cry of alarm, and then two voices. They spoke together for some time, and then I heard two persons leave the room; and, after a long interval (during which I lay in a state of great trepidation), my aunt returned, and said softly, through the door, 'Are you asleep, Cicely?' and I answered, 'No,' and she came in and told me what had happened.

"When she had risen from her knees, and was about to take off her dressing-gown, her eyes fell upon the valance of the bed, from beneath which looked out two other eyes, and on meeting her gaze the person who owned them dragged himself out. He was a man (as she described him) terrible to look upon, of herculean frame, and bloated face, travel-stained and in rags, with a pair of iron-tipped shoes in his hands, which he had taken off in order to reach his late hiding-place without noise; but his voice and manner were in strange contrast to these things.

"'I came here to-night, lady, to rob your house,' he said. 'I have been lying beneath your bed for hours, rehearsing as to how it should be done, and resolved, if I met any resistance, to do worse than rob, for I am one that sticks at nothing. Then, all of a sudden, as I lay cursing your late hours, I heard you come in and read your Bible, all alone—a thing I have never done myself, except in my prison cell when I felt pretty sure that the chaplain's eye was at the keyhole.

"'Well, this is a pious old party,' I says to myself, "but I hopes she won't be long." But when from your Bible you went to prayer, and after praying to God Almighty for your little niece, and this, that, and the other, you came, quite naturally like, to them as never say a word to Him for themselves, and amongst them even for downright bad ones, like me, then says I, "May I be damned if I takes a penny piece from her, or hurts a hair of her grey head." Then replied my aunt in her quiet gentle fashion, 'But why, unhappy man, need you be damned at all?'

"It had never struck the poor fellow, I suppose, that there had been any alternative for him, until she went on to explain it, but it is as true as I am sitting here that within five minutes this man was upon his knees repeating a prayer after her, just as a child might do at his mother's bidding. She afterwards took him downstairs and gave him some supper, of which he stood in great need, but of the money which

my aunt pressed upon him he only took a very little, in order, as he said, to keep him from present temptation and set him on an honest road. My aunt made me promise to say nothing of what she told me, lest the poor fellow should suffer for it, and we never heard of his getting into trouble again."

"That is a very curious story, no doubt," said Mr. Aird. "I won't be so ill-mannered as to say, as many people would, that it is possible your aunt caught sight of the man before she said her prayers, and framed them to suit his case; but I don't see how the narrative bears upon your argument that wicked people may be turned into good people. Though the man did not rob your aunt, he may have gone on robbing other people."

"Let me finish my story," said Mrs. Wallace, quietly. "Years afterwards, when my aunt, then near her end, was staying at Plymouth for the sake of the sea air, and I was with her, one Sunday morning 'a very moving preacher' was advertised to hold forth in a certain chapel; and though the attraction, I confess, was greater to my aunt than to myself, I volunteered to accompany her. The preacher was a large, ungainly man, looking more like a prize-fighter than a minister of the gospel; but his words had an impassioned earnestness which I have rarely heard, and which carried the congregation with them. We were too great a distance from him to see his features, but his voice reached every part of the crowded place. His theme was on the saving powers of grace, and in order to show that no man could be so fallen but that he might be raised up again, he evidenced an extreme case within his own experience. 'I knew a man once,' he said, 'who was a greater sinner than any here. He owned no Father in Heaven, no brother on Earth; his trade was robbery; by day he was a thief, and by night a house-breaker.'"

"'Oh, Aunt,' whispered I, 'did you hear that?'"

"'Yes, my dear,' she answered softly; 'that is the very man himself: I knew him directly I heard his voice.'"

"Then he went on, point by point, to describe what had happened on that eventful night at our home, and how that from the hour at which he had heard my aunt at her prayers he had become a new and honest man; which (to cut a long story short) we afterwards found on inquiry to be the case. He had a shoemaker's shop in the town, where for years he had been much respected. So you see, Mr. Aird, that wicked people need not always put an end to themselves in despair of becoming good."

"Unfortunately, my dear madam, they very seldom do," returned the old Indian drily; "my experience is that they remain to plague the good people as much as possible. But I am glad to find that your felonious friend had some other trade than sensational preaching, which is, in my opinion, no very great improvement upon burglary with violence."

It was thus that the little party in the Prior's Hostel conversed

together, on a footing more confidential and familiar than would have been possible had they been at large in the world without; and though there was no uniformity (and even, as we have seen, considerable disagreement) among them as to opinion, they were becoming close friends.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

## A CHANGE OF PATIENTS.

WE have been told by the lips of the wise that if we poor mortals knew what was going to happen to us—whether of good or ill—we should not find it an improvement; the nervous and despondent would, it is true, no longer make themselves miserable with imaginary sorrows, but the real ones would throw such a gigantic shadow before them as would make such men's condition even worse; while, on the other hand, the sanguine would be robbed of their hopes. The argument, no doubt, is a sound one, but nevertheless the unexpectedness of human life is one of its terrors. In the clearest sky, when all is sunshine, the clouds will hurry up from the most unlooked-for quarters, and the thunderbolt of misfortune falls; and again, when the clouds, as it would seem, have done their worst, and all has been so dark, so long, that some gleam of sunshine seems inevitable, the thunderbolt still falls. It is like luck at cards, which defies the doctrine of chances and puts the theory of probabilities to shame; and on the whole, or so it seems to us ungrateful mortals, it is such bad luck.

Little Davey's illness was blowing over, the fever was abating, and, what was better, losing its more dangerous features, so that Dr. Cooper was in two minds as to letting the party in the Prior's Hostel out of quarantine, when a pleasant surprise happened to two of them. The three were at breakfast together as usual (for the Doctor had made a point of their not taking their meals in the sick-room), when two little parcels came by post, one containing the prettiest gold watch and chain for Mrs. Wallace, and the other a sparkling locket for Miss Josceline.

"Goodness gracious!" cried the former simply, "this can surely never be for me; there must be some mistake."

But Ella, though greatly surprised, had no doubt as to who had sent the presents, for her locket was the facsimile in shape of the one she had picked up in Abbott's Creek. Of the value of its coat of diamonds she was wholly ignorant; but she at once understood that the intention of the donor was to express his twofold gratitude to her, first for the recovery of his wife's portrait, and secondly for her attendance on his child.

"Oh, Mr. Aird!" she cried with a grateful blush, "you are too kind. I have never seen anything so beautiful."

"I'm glad you like it, my dear young lady," replied the old gentleman, going on with his egg; "you must wear it for Davey's sake and mine. The same remark applies to your watch, Mrs. Wallace."

"But it is so much too good for the likes of me," remonstrated that lady in a rapture.

"I am sorry to contradict you for about the hundredth time since we've been shut up together," observed Mr. Aird drily; "but nothing is too good for either of you."

"Oh, I wish I could get out to show it my husband," exclaimed Mrs. Wallace.

"And I to show my locket to papa," cried Ella.

"From what Cooper said yesterday," observed Mr. Aird, "I think our prison doors will be opened to-morrow. By-the-by, what's that under the door?"

The morning letters now arrived in that fashion as all other correspondence from without; but this was not like an ordinary letter. It was much larger, though very thin, and it was directed to Miss Josceline.

"No more lockets, surely?" exclaimed Mrs. Wallace, laughing.

It was not; but it was something that gave Ella even a greater pleasure than the locket had given her. It was a proof of her illustration to Vernon's poem of the "Italian Boy," and of course gave indisputable evidence that the picture had been accepted by the *Mayfair Keepsake*.

To all young people—and for that matter to old ones also—there are few joys to be compared with that of seeing their own effusions for the first time in print; and as with the writer so with the artist, and (what is curious) especially with the indifferent artist. A poem looks ever so much better of course in print than in MS., but it is not to be compared with the improvement that takes place in a picture indifferently executed, which has been through the hands of the wood engraver. The skilled draughtsman complains, and often with justice, that his work suffers grievously from subsequent manipulation after it has left his hands; but with the novice the reverse is the case. A good engraver will supply defects, if he does not absolutely improve upon the original. At all events, whether from that cause, or from the modest opinion of her own performance, Ella thought much more highly of her Italian Boy in his new shape than in his old one. To her, moreover, it meant a great deal more than the mere gratification of a pardonable vanity; it gave her material hope; it was, or so it seemed to her, the first round of the ladder which might lead her in after-years, not to competence indeed (for her views were very humble), but to self-support. If such things were worth printing, she supposed that they must needs be worth paying for—however small might be the honorarium, it would be something; and she felt that she could do a good many such drawings without much injury to her brain-tissue. Besides the picture, there had come the poem which it illustrated, which she read with great approbation, and with such interest and attention that when she had read it a second time she found she had got it by heart. It was because she admired it so—and much more, however incredible it may seem, than her own illustration—

that she could not help showing them both to Mrs. Wallace, who fell into raptures about the wrong one. She thought the picture "so pretty," and Ella a perfect miracle of intelligence for having drawn it: as to the poem, she frankly confessed herself no judge of such things, but had always heard Mr. Vernon was very clever. Directly she had spoken, Ella regretted having been so confidential; the word "clever," so far from being the right term to use, sounded somehow almost depreciating; and it also struck her that Mr. Vernon might not relish her having exposed him to such criticism. Moreover, what was still worse, before she could restrain Mrs. Wallace's enthusiasm that lady had summoned Mr. Aird to "come and look at Miss Josceline's beautiful drawing," which covered the poor girl with confusion. It was one thing to have confided her secret to a motherly friend of her own sex, and quite another to share it with Mr. Aird.

"Poems are not much in my way," said that gentleman with his usual frankness, "but the picture is charming; I had no idea you were an artist, Miss Ella."

"Nor I either," replied she with an uncomfortable laugh; "Mrs. Wallace ought not to have shown it to you."

"There is nothing to be ashamed of, I am sure," said Mr. Aird good-naturedly, but also with a certain gravity which did not escape her. "Are you in the habit of illustrating Mr. Vernon's poems?"

"I have never done but this one. How could it be otherwise?" inquired Ella simply, but with a blush that would rise to her cheek in spite of all her efforts.

"To be sure; you've only known him a few days, have you?" was the quiet reply. "The proof-sheet is damp, I see; he has lost no time in sending you what he knew would give you pleasure."

"I don't know whether he sent it, or Mr. Felspar," said Ella; "they were both very kind about my little drawing—I mean about helping me to get it published."

"It is Mr. Vernon's handwriting," remarked Mr. Aird drily, "so it is probable it was he who sent it."

Then Mrs. Wallace burst out laughing.

"Why do you laugh?" inquired Ella, feeling almost angry with that excellent lady, though she could not have explained, even to herself, why she should be so.

"Mrs. Wallace laughs," said Mr. Aird, "because she thinks you had not much doubt in your own mind as to which of those young gentlemen sent the picture. But you see I am not so rude. I am as grave as a judge, which, indeed, I was at one time. But there is Dr. Cooper. Will he let us out of prison to-day or not, I wonder?"

Ella esteemed the good doctor greatly, but his arrival had never been so welcome to her as it was at that particular moment. She was not one of those young ladies who rather like being rallied about a young gentleman's attentions to them than otherwise, but the question presented

itself even to her (and added to her embarrassment), Would she have taken it to heart so much, if her heart had not been concerned in the matter?

It fortunately happened that she had at once something else to think of, for the Doctor's verdict was that the child was convalescent, and that all danger might now be considered over, whether as regarded himself or others, and in a few minutes Ella was clasped in her father's arms.

"You are not looking well, papa?" were her first anxious words.

"I am quite well, darling," was his reply; "though perhaps 'none the better,' as the schoolboys say, 'for seeing you.' Extreme joy, you know, has sometimes the same effect as sorrow. Now tell me how you have fared in your prison-house?"

There was not much to tell him that had not been already told in her daily bulletins, save what had occurred that very morning.

"Dear papa, I hope—indeed I am *sure* you will be pleased to hear that my little picture has been accepted by the magazine. And only see how much better it looks in print."

"It does, my dear," he answered quietly; "but I have seen it already. Mr. Vernon was so good as to bring a duplicate of it for me when he brought yours."

"Did he come himself, then? That was very kind of him," said Ella impulsively: the next moment the recollection of Mrs. Wallace's badinage occurred to her, and she turned crimson.

"Yes," said Mr. Josceline, keeping his eyes fixed on her face, which increased her confusion, "he came in person, and we had some conversation together. He is an estimable young man for his station in life, no doubt, but seems to entertain peculiar opinions."

"He is very well-meaning, I think," said Ella, rather inappositely.

Mr. Vernon had been kind to her, and she felt bound to say what she could for him; and the tone in which her father had spoken of him had been sufficiently severe and curt.

"No doubt," he replied; "I don't wish to imply that his opinions are bad or vicious, but only that they are not the views entertained by persons of our class. They are what I suppose would be termed Bohemian, which it is only natural they should be. He is not quite the sort of man I should wish a son of mine—and still less a daughter—to be familiar with."

"I am very sorry," said Ella simply.

"Why should you be sorry, my dear? It is not likely that you and he will again be thrown together even so casually as has happened here. Your paths in life will necessarily be far apart. You must thank him, of course, though, from what he said to me, I gather that you are at least equally indebted in the matter to Mr. Felspar for the service he has done you—since you seem to consider it of some importance—and there will be an end of it."

"Very well, papa."

There was no despair in her tone, such as he almost feared there

would be, but there was genuine disappointment. She would like to have drawn more pictures for the *Keepsake*, and to have illustrated more poems of Mr. Vernon's. This partnership in art and letters had a certain inexplicable charm for her.

"What is that you have in your hand, my darling?" inquired Mr. Josceline, after a long and somewhat uncomfortable pause. "The case looks promising, as if it came from a jeweller's shop."

"Oh, the locket!" But a few minutes ago she had pictured to herself the pleasure with which she should show Mr. Aird's present to her father, but now all that seemed to have faded away; the matter had become almost indifferent to her.

"What locket? Dear me, who could have given you this?" He had opened the case, and was regarding the splendid gift with admiration. "It must have been some very generous person."

"It was, papa. Mr. Aird sent for it from London by way of thanks, as I suppose, for my nursing little Davey, which I am sure I should have been glad to do at all events. It is altogether too rich a guerdon for so slight a service."

"It is very handsome, certainly, my dear; but you must not under-rate your own deserts. It is very natural that a man of generous nature like Mr. Aird, should have endeavoured to show himself sensible of them."

"But is it not very costly? I know nothing about such things, but if these are real diamonds——"

"Well, I don't think it's very likely, Ella," put in Mr. Josceline, smiling, "that Mr. Aird would have given you paste. If I am not mistaken, this did not cost less than eighty guineas."

"Eighty guineas! Oh, papa! And he has given Mrs. Wallace a gold watch and chain."

"Indeed! Well, doubtless to a man of Mr. Aird's fortune such things are but flea-bites; still it is very creditable to him. He must (as I always suspected) have a noble nature. May I look inside, my dear?"

"Inside the locket? Of course, papa. Why do you ask such a question?" inquired Ella, in unaffected surprise.

"Well, I didn't know," he answered with a smile of significance. "These little cadeaux are sometimes of a private nature. They sometimes contain a portrait of the donor, for example. However, this is empty, I see, at present."

"Yes. By-the-by, Mr. Aird was so good as to promise, papa, that he would get me a photograph of little Davey to put in it; and then, as I said to him, the other side I shall devote to one of yourself."

"I think you should not have said that, Ella," said Mr. Josceline gravely; "it was hardly gracious. You might have asked Mr. Aird for his own picture. However, it is very gratifying—very." He drew his daughter towards him and kissed her tenderly.



"Why do you sigh, dear papa?" said Ella, alarmed by the expression of her father's face even more than by that evidence of emotion. "I am sure you are not well."

"Yes, darling; I am well enough, as well as I ever shall be, that is, the least thing that excites me ——" and Mr. Josceline fell back in his chair with a groan of pain.

Ella flew to the bell, and then to her father's side. "Esther, tell Dr. Cooper to come to papa directly. He has not left the house, I think, but if he has, send for him *at once*."

Ella was frightened, but she was not one of those whom alarm deprives of their presence of mind.

She unloosed her father's neckerchief and wheeled his chair to the window.

In a few minutes, which seemed, however, an age to her, Dr. Cooper arrived.

"Oh, Doctor, what is the matter?" she whispered, after he had felt the now unconscious patient's pulse and made his investigations.

"My poor child, you must bear up," said he evasively; "it is very hard for you to have to be sick nurse so soon again."

Then two of the hotel servants came in and carried her father up to his room, and he was put to bed. And Ella took her place by his pillow.

